

September 19, 1957 35c

THE UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN
MAR 2 1959
PERIODICAL
READING ROOM

Downbeat

Jizzy Gillespie

A Cross Section

De Shulman

Steve Allen Tribute

Stereo Tapes

A Long Look

Jimmy Giuffre



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chords and discords

A Suggestion

To the Editor:

I have a suggestion which I believe would go a long way toward pushing a lot of able jazz, inspiring new units, and in general, put the spotlight on the groups with the most to offer via talent, originality, and sincerity of performance.

The idea would necessitate a new department in your magazine, similar to Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Test*. The difference would be, however, that instead of rating the records made by the "pros," the records rated would be those made by unknowns, the local jazz units all over the country, who need just that one small break.

These small units could mail in tapes or test recordings which could be rated by top-flight artists in the modern idiom. Aside from bringing the worthy groups out in the open, the constructive criticism of these experienced names would help the units to correct their faults.

New York, N.Y.

The need for a department of this type, I believe, has been with us for some time now. As was pointed out by a number of your columnists, there are many, many deserving groups, with all the talent and experience necessary to make the top, who at present are booked into small bars and secluded clubs. With this type of break they would gain the recognition they have been so long and unjustly lacking.

Your magazine, with all its well-earned prestige could give them just that break.

I sincerely trust that you will give this matter some thought and, if at all possible, put it into practice.

Mickey Jordan

Funny Idea . . .

To the Editor:

"Funk" seems to have become quite a thing in the east coast recording studio within the last year or so, and while it's hot, I thought I might be able

New York City

to provide repertoire assistance to some jazz a&r men.

Why not record some tunes like *What Is This Thing Called Funk?* (as the album's title number); *She's Funky That Way*; *My Funky Valentine*; *You're Driving Me Funky*; *Fine and Funky*; *You Make Me Feel So Funky*; *Funky Little Things We Used to Do*; *Sweet and Funky*; *I Can't Give You Anything But Funk*; *Sometimes I'm Funky*; *The Funk Is Gone*; *Funky to Look at*; *This Can't Be Funk*, and may be a medley of tunes from the hit movie, *Funky Face*?

Jeff Roberts

Victim Of Mechanics . . .

Los Angeles

To the Editor:

In regard to the review of my Imperial LP 9031 by Leonard Feather in the July 11 issue:

In all fairness to drummer Lloyd Morales, the tempo change on *Indecision* is due to splicing and, therefore, is a mechanical one. Morales has excellent time.

Bob Harrington

One By One . . .

Lake Luzerne, N. Y.

To the Editor:

It was with a wistful sort of pleasure that I read Barry Ulanov's words on the late Jimmy Dorsey in the July 25 issue of *Down Beat*. . . Their truth stands plain.

As they die off, one by one, these living links with the youth of the music which we take so much for granted today, the enormity of their value dawns on us, often quite suddenly, only too late. It was that way with such as Rollini and Trumbauer, and now with first Tommy, then Jimmy Dorsey.

In cases such as this, it seems, the stature of the men in relation to the greatness on their instruments is subjugate to an even more important role. . . Here is history, living history, slipping through our fingers, slipping away before we are aware or awake enough to realize it.

It took nearly 10 years of remembering and excavating in the archives of the record companies for Bix Beiderbecke to receive the appreciation and acclaim which should have been his long before.

The musicians knew it; those who followed them closely knew it, too, but for the multitudes, the slightly-interested-in-masses, it took John Hammond, and Otis Ferguson, and George Avakian, and Eddie Condon, and others like them to lure at least one kid away from his copy of Panassie's *Introduction to Mau-Mau Tribal Dances* for just a moment, long enough to drop the tone arm into place on *Singin' the Blues* or *I'm Comin' Virginia* to find out what all the noise and yelling, for a face in an old photograph or two or a name on an old Okeh record label, was all about.

Thus it has gone through the years . . . Tesch, Berigan, Chu, Tough, then Bird; all gone, just pictures and record labels.

Now the Dorseys. Perhaps it would be fitting to pause a moment and give thanks for the fact that we still have such as Freeman, Pee Wee, Wild Bill,

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Wild Bill,

Down Beat

the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

IN MY PART of the country there is much in use a rather descriptive word called "clout."

It does not have to do with the application of a bat to a baseball, or even the placement of a neat right cross to the jaw.

Despite the vehemence implied by the word, it has a much more subtle connotation—one that does not require any sort of violent physical action.

The most strenuous duty involved usually is the picking up of a telephone and the dropping of a hint.

One has clout. It is a noun.

ONE HAS CLOUT when he has much patronage at his disposal. One has clout when he can get you choice Yankee-White Sox seats an hour before game time. One has clout when he rides in the mayor's car in the St. Patrick's Day parade.

One also has clout when he is a prominent newspaper columnist with his own TV celebrity-interview show, or when he's one of the top couple of disc jockeys in town.

And this is where we come in.

Suppose you own a jazz club. You have booked this week maybe Brubeck or Garner or Basie or Vaughan. You are relying upon Friday and Saturday nights to make you some money so that the rent gets paid and the lights stay on.

On Tuesday, you get a couple of telephone calls. A columnist wants Brubeck for his 11 p.m. TV show on Friday. A disc jockey needs him at 10:30 Saturday. The former gently brings up the items he ran last week. The latter is confident half your business is due to the Brubeck record he played yesterday.

YOU SQUIRM more than somewhat. You visualize a bandstand leaderless for an hour on each of your two big nights. You will probably lose an entire turnover. But you say yes.

Next week you don't have Brubeck. You have someone just starting to become known and you'd like to build him into a good attraction for yourself. So you call the columnist.

There is, it develops, no room for this person on the show this week. "When he gets a little bigger," is the answer.

The disc jockey, too, is cool. "I'm afraid his records may be a little too far out for my audience," he says.

This, gentlemen, is clout.

And come to think of it, there is physical action involved.

If you be the cloutee, sometimes it makes you sick.

down beat

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September 19, 1957

EXECUTIVE OFFICE—2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, Ill., Victory 2-0300. Publisher—Charles Subar; Executive Editor—Jack Tracy; Circulation Director—Ray Holbrook. Editorial—Don Gold, Associate Editor; Lois Polzin, Advertising—Harry P. Lytle, Midwest Advertising Representative; Gloria Baldwin, Production—Mary DeMet . . . NEW YORK—370 Lexington Ave., Murray Hill 6-1833. Editorial—Dom Cerulli, Associate Editor, Advertising—Mel Mandel, Advertising Manager; Ben Rachlis . . . HOLLYWOOD—6124 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood 3-6005. John Tynan, Associate Editor, Advertising—Ray Combs.

MUSIC NEWS

Jazz clubs jumping in New York; a long hitch-hike by a jazz composer; a lush Chicago recording session; Harry James' European plans and personnel, and an emergence from virtual hibernation by Charlie Barnet are all part of the regular news roundup that starts on page 9.

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On The Cover

John Brook's great portrait in action of the Jimmy Giuffrè 3 covers this issue very well. And so do we think Dom Cerulli's story that starts on page 13 covers Jimmy very well. It is the first of a three-part series you will not want to miss.

Subscription rates \$7 a year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years in advance. Add \$1 a year to these prices for subscriptions outside the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Special school library rates \$5.60 a year. Single copies—Canada, 35 cents; foreign, 50 cents. Change of address notice must reach us before effective. Send old address with your new. Duplicate copies cannot be sent and post office will not forward copies. Circulation Dept., 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Printed in U. S. A. John Maher Printing Company, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter Oct. 6, 1939, at the post office in Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Re-entered as second-class matter Feb. 23, 1948. Copyright, 1957, by Maher Publications, Inc., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U. S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly; on sale every other Thursday. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

MUSIC '57; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS; BEBIDAS; ELABORACIONES Y ENVASES; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS CATALOGOS.

McPartland, and Condon, or Lenny, or Teagarden, and all the others who have seen, who have lived, and who have blown their way through the childhood, adolescence, and into the maturity of this wonderful, vital music we call jazz. . . . And maybe a special thanks for Louis, who, in many ways, truly is jazz. How fitting that they should have devoted that night at Newport to him, and how timely.

So, as Kenton thunders onward, Mingus experiments in his workshop (term copyrighted, of course), and Giuffre searches for new ways to spell "subtle," it is well to throw a bouquet or two to those who are old enough to have lived and young enough to remember, and are proving it, night after night, with their horns. . . . We cannot let them slip away, as some day they are bound to; we must realize the wealth of history at our fingertips right now.

The Dorseys are gone, may they rest in peace; but perhaps in their deaths we can find thanks and appreciation for what we have with us right now.

Such is jazz.

Richard M. Sudhalter

New Donahue . . .

Warren, Pa.

To the Editor:

Last evening I saw the new Sam Donahue orchestra. As you know, he no longer leads a Maytime shell. This is Sam's swinging crew. . . .

If there is any room at all for a good, modern-sounding band at the top of the heap, Donahue should make it and make it big.

We all know that for many years he has been an engaging frontman. His

personality, wit, and first-rate musicianship are recognized. Now, however, he has possibly the finest band of his career. The boys are all pulling together, and it shows. A new Prescott LP should help, too.

I hope that a club such as Birdland, to fill an open week, will take a chance on this band. It just might turn out to be the best gamble a club owner could make. And if the jazz corner of the world isn't open, Sam could please at the Roosevelt Hotel grill; it's just that kind of versatile band.

In closing, may I urge everyone to catch this band. The man from Red Bank won't be at the piano, but with your eyes shut you might be surprised. Pete Pepke

Hi-Lo's Down

Albuquerque, N. M.

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter in reply to something that met my disapproval, namely the *Blindfold Test* in the Aug. 8 issue.

The record was by Charlie Parker, with the Dave Lambert singers (*Old Folks*). Comments were made by Bob Morse and Gene Puerling, both members of the vocal group, the Hi-Lo's. First let me discuss the statement made by Bob Morse: "Is the saxophone player a famous player?"

Permit me to say that anyone who is an ardent admirer of jazz, or considers himself a jazz artist, would know without a doubt, that this was truly the horn of not only a famous player, but a master, Bird.

Gene Puerling said, "It sounded like

a member of the Charlie Parker school. It was out of tune, a honking type thing."

Once again permit me to say that at least he recognized Bird; maybe it was out of tune, but it was certainly not a honking type of thing.

Let me say that if it wasn't for musicians like Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, progressive jazz would have never been born, and the Hi-Lo's would be singing probably hillbilly style instead of jazz.

The *Blindfold Test* should have been called Lo-Logic instead of Hi-Logic.

A/2C Elton H. Cadogan, USNF

And One For Max . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

First of all, amen to Ralph J. Gleason's recent review and article on the work of Max Roach. Far too much time had elapsed before someone really grasped the message Max has been trying to get across.

With those pieces by R.J.G. fresh in mind, I went to dig Roach and his group at Small's last night. The group as a whole was a stone gas with pianist Billy Wallace a wailing stickout.

But it was behind Max that I left that place shaking my head in wonderment. Without a shadow of a doubt in my estimation, he is the most fantastic drummer on the set today. As I sat and dug him perform, I found that his combination of taste, ability, and ideas was something frightening. Listening to and watching this man work is indeed a moving experience.

Albert H. Green

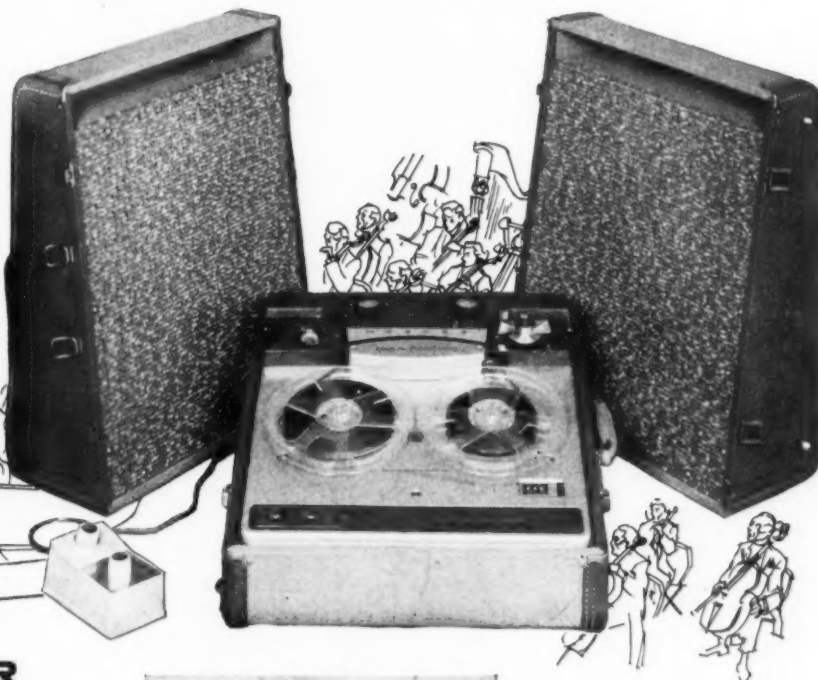
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strictly ad lib

NEW YORK

JAZZ: Trombonist **Cutty Cutshall** was hospitalized for an indefinite stay with an internal ailment at Long Island Jewish hospital, New Hyde Park, N.Y. late in August. **Vic Dickenson** subbed for him at **Eddie Condon's**... Pianist-composer **Bobby Scott** signed with Verve records, to cut pop singles as a vocalist and jazz albums as a pianist and group leader. He played two weeks at Cafe Bohemia late in August... Plans are in the works for a torchlight Dixieland band parade from 125th st. to 48th street for opening of Langston Hughes' musical, **Simply Heavenly**... **Quincy Jones** signed over for another three months in Paris with **Nicole Barclay's** recording firm. He reports he's been recording with "the small band" of 42 pieces... **Dick Katz** cut a trio album for Atlantic, with **Ralph Pena**, bass, and **Connie Kay**, drums, supporting his piano... **Toshiko** opened at the Hickory House in mid-August for a five-week stay between her classes at Berklee school in Boston... **Mary Lou Williams** opened at the Composer in late August, her first club date in some five years, with **Bill Clark**, drums, and **Bruce Morris**, bass... The big feature of next year's Newport Jazz Festival will be a **Duke Ellington** night.



Bobby Scott

Gerry Mulligan plans to break up his group after some fall commitments, and will quite probably reform with **Lee Konitz** and cornetist-violinist **Dick Wetmore**. **Gerry** is scheduled to record with the **Vinnie Burke's** String Jazz quartet for Pacific Jazz... Pop chief **Joe Carlton** and RCA Victor split, with **Steve Sholes** stepping into Carlton's post. **Sholes** brought Presley to the label... **TV's Ted Steele** joined Bethlehem's staff as a music director... **Count Basie's** band will make it to Paris in November, following the upcoming tour of Great Britain... Baritone man **Johnny Lanni** and his quartet sparking jazz presentations at the Blue Rail in Port Chester, New York... **George Shearing**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Helen Merrill**, and the **Australian Jazz Quintet** are reported set to tour in a package, with possibly several other groups, this fall... **Gigi Gryce**, **Donald Byrd** and the **Jazz Lab** group are planning a music and lecture college circuit package in the fall. The group has a Columbia session due shortly, with a capsule jazz history featuring vocalist **Jackie Paris**.

Mat Mathews has his own jazz record show weekdays from midnight to 2 a.m. on **WBAL-FM**... **Buddy Rich** and a quartet played Cafe Bohemia the end of August... Looks like **Louis Armstrong** has the State Department's o.k. to make that tour of Russia... Although the jazz policy was dropped by the Woolworth hour on radio, **Don Elliott** was retained for the Sept. 15 show... **Chris Connor** opened at the Village Vanguard late in August, her first New York club job this year. She was booked through the Labor Day weekend... **ABC-Paramount** has a session coming up which will result in an LP called **Sing a Song of Basie**. Voices will take the place of the horns, with **Nat Pierce**, **Freddie Green**, **Sonny Payne**, and **Ed Jones** as the rhythm section. **Dave Lambert** and **John Hendrix** did the vocal arranging... **ABC** also has a session scheduled for **Oscar Pettiford's** big band in October... **Anita O'Day's** next Verve album will have arrangements and musical direction by **Marty Paich**... **Drummer Roy Byrnes** replaced **Cozy Cole** at the Metropole while **Cozy** vacations, and possibly tours Europe... **Eddie Bert**, **Tony Mottola**, **Jimmy Maxwell**, and **Bobby Haggart** were among the jazzmen backing **Perry Como** on his RCA Victor LP, **We Get Letters**... **Singer Ronnie Gilbert** cut an RCA Victor recording of **Bessie Smith** tunes, including the original lyrics to **Empty Bed Blues**, backed by **Claude Hopkins**, **George Duvivier**, **Osie Johnson**, **Fred Hellerman**, **George Barnes**, **Cootie Williams**, **Buster Bailey**, and **Bennie Morton**.

(Continued on Page 45)

music news

Vol. 24, No. 19

Down Beat September 19, 1957

U. S. A. EAST

The Magic Word

With a burst of Kleig-lights and hoop-la, another jazz club opened its doors in midtown New York late in August.

Jazz City on 49th st., around the corner from the two-beat landmark, The Metropole, invested a reported \$250,000 in decoration and facilities.

Onstand for the opening were Ruby Braff's octet, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Nat Pierce, and the Don Elliott quartet. On deck were Erroll Garner, due Sept. 2; Gene Krupa, Oct. 28; George Shearing, Nov. 25.

In addition, the spot planned special tributes to jazz artists, a talent quest for newcomers, matinees, guest nights, and panels.

Meanwhile, around the corner in Times Square, the Metropole stepped up its torrid wall-to-wall jazz pace. In addition to the regular roster of jazzmen, including Henry (Red) Allen, Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Claude Hopkins, Buster Bailey, J. C. Higginbotham, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Cozy Cole, Arvell Shaw, and others, something new was added. The Metropole hired a press agent.

And, up in Central Park, Jazz Under the Stars spread into the pop field, with appearances by Les Paul and Mary Ford, Billy Williams, and other pop stars. A return to jazz was promised by showcasers Pete Kameron and Monte Kay, with a late-August program of Lionel Hampton, Dave Brubeck, and Chico Hamilton.

In addition, they promised something new for the fall season: a legitimate theater presentation of jazz, similar to a concert, but on a long-run basis. Present plans called for a four-week run in New York, then a string of one-weekers in key cities.

The word has been spreading.

The Jazz Jamboree concert in the Stadium Season at New York pulled a record 21,000 persons July 6 (Saturday night and record night at Newport, too, when 12,400 crammed into Freebody Park). They came to see and hear Louis Armstrong, George Shearing, and Erroll Garner.

Critics' Choice

In the Cafe Bohemia on a usually-shuttered Tuesday night in mid-August, a group of men sat with varying expressions of concentration on their faces.

Onstage, instead of the expected group of musicians, was a battery of tape recorders. Over the sound system came a collection of new sounds from untried groups.

Assembled were the critics and jazz disc jockeys. Their purpose: to hear the tapes and choose a group to play at Randall's Island for the New York



Trombonist Jack Teagarden and saxophonist Bud Freeman were among those present at the Austin high gang reunion set up by RCA Victor recently to cut an LP based on those joyous days when Chicago definitely was a toddlin' town. Also at the session were clarinetist Peanuts Hucko and drummer George Wettling.

Jazz Festival, and a two-week booking at the Bohemia.

After nearly three hours and 15 groups, the listeners were unanimous on a quintet known only as number 5 on their tally sheets. It turned out to be the Reese Markewich quintet, featuring baritonist Nick Briglia.

Although most of the tapes were made under atrocious conditions, there was much good jazz on them. The group of critics and DJs were impressed by individuals in other groups which didn't meet the high standards set by the Markewich quintet.

On the board of auditors were Burt Korral of the British *Melody Maker*, Howard Cook of *Billboard*, Don Nelson of the *N. Y. Daily News*, Dom Cerulli of *Down Beat*, Mort Fega of *WNRC*, and Carl Proctor of *WLIB*.

Bandleader Markewich, 21, a psychology major in his senior year at Cornell, has had his group for about a year. On the taped session were 21-year-old Briglia on baritone, alto, and flute; Jesse Avery, 22, on tenor and piano; Steve Fillo, 20, bass, and Jimmy Wormworth, 20, drums.

All the band members have contributed scores to the group, and special writing has been done by Phil Arcuri, trombonist recently with the bands of Johnny Long and Tony Pastor. The group has two regular jazz jobs weekly, at Jim's Place and the Elk's Rest, both in Ithaca, N. Y. It also plays for Cornell and other college fraternity dances.

Markewich, excited at the prospect of appearing in the Festival and at the Bohemia, also had a worry gnawing at him. He had to find a replacement for drummer Wormworth, who had left for Europe after the audition tape was cut.

Graduate Seminar In Jazz

The first graduate seminar in jazz will be offered this fall by the New School for Social Research, New York City, in collaboration with the Institute of Jazz Studies.

The seminar, titled *The Role of Jazz in American Culture*, will be conducted by Marshall Stearns. It will consider jazz in terms of music, history, literature, psychology, linguistics, sociology, anthropology, and folklore. Student research will be undertaken with a view to publication. The institute's archives will be available to the class.

The seminar will begin Oct. 4; it will be held Fridays from 8:30 to 10:10 p.m. Tuition is \$45. The class will be limited to an enrollment of 12. Complete information from Stearns, New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St., New York City.

Listen To My Music

When Lonnie Levister recorded his composition, *Manhattan Monodrama*, it received fine critical reviews, but seemed destined to be lost in the shuffle of jazz LPs issued in a gush last spring.

The record, Debut 125, was issued in March. By June, Levister decided he would bring his music to the people . . . directly.

He bundled 20 LPs under his arm, and started hitch-hiking out of New York City. As he traveled, he rang doorbells, stopped by music shops, dropped in on distributors and talked about his music.

By the time his three-week journey ended, he was in Des Moines, and he had sold about 100 albums. In addition, he had met distributors and convinced them the record could be sold, he had met record dealers and convinced them the record could be sold, and he had met a lot of people and convinced them that his music had something to say.

Levister, a 31-year-old composer who studied at Boston Conservatory and Juilliard, had John LaPorta, Lou Mucci, Larrin Bernsohn, Teddy Charles, Morris Lang, and himself on the date for *Manhattan Monodrama*. He met disc jockeys in nearly every city and town he passed through, and got them to listen to his music. Most of them did, and then programmed it.

One thing Levister discovered about radio: "There are just so many records coming out, that the DJs do not have time to hear everything."

Back in New York, he is still bundling his records under his arm and making door-to-door sales trips in the city.

"I think the record has something to say," he smiled. "It has to come to the attention of the people. Then I'll know if they think it has something to say. So far, they've liked it. They've responded. It has made a contact with them."

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Final Bar

Bandleader-drummer Wes Ilcken, husband of jazz singer Rita Reys, collapsed and died at his home in Hilversum, Holland.

The 33-year-old musician's death was believed to have stemmed from injuries suffered during World War II, when he was drafted as a slave laborer by the Nazis and endured privation after escaping.

Ilcken had appeared many times with his wife on tours of Europe, Great Britain, and Africa, and had played for U.S. armed forces in overseas bases. His group recorded many sides in Holland, and several are available on collections on U.S. labels, among them *Jazz Behind the Dikes* on Epic.

U. S. A. MIDWEST

So Rare

Andre Previn allots a very few weeks each year to club dates.

When he accepted a four-week booking at Chicago's London House, beginning Sept. 4, the owners of that restaurant felt like Rogers and Clark. Signing the busy Previn was the best plum in their pre-Christmas pie.

Previn, known as a pianist, composer, arranger, conductor, and music director, keeps active in behalf of M-G-M, one of the pillars of Hollywood. Recently, he has recorded as one of Shelly Manne's friends in the lands of *My Fair Lady* and *Li'l Abner*.

At presstime, no one could determine just who Previn would bring along on bass and drums. One private eye suggested calling Previn in Hollywood to find out. A long distance call revealed that Previn was in Europe on a film assignment, but would return precisely in time for the London House booking.

This is known as a well-knit schedule.

Lush Life

Martinis, beer, cigarettes, and jazz were the major ingredients in a successful recording session in Chicago recently.

It was what you might call informal.

To date, at Boulevard Recording's new studios, was financed by singer Lee Loving, who hoped to convince a record company that the results of the session were worth buying and releasing. Assisting Miss Loving were guest pianist Chris Anderson and the Gene Esposito trio, with Esposito, piano and trumpet; Leroy Jackson, bass, and Bill Gaeto, drums.

Invited to inspire the group were approximately 50 jazz-loving friends, who filled the studio with the sounds of cigaret puffing, saturated olive nibbling, and substantial applause.

Jewell McLaurin supplied transitional comments between tunes.

Sutherland Swings

A name jazz policy has paid off for the lounge of Chicago's Sutherland hotel.

As a result, the room has begun to set up advance bookings on well-known groups.

In a test several months ago, the room booked the Phineas Newborn trio.

The trios of Bobby Scott and Jean Hoffman followed, establishing the room as a jazz club. After an interlude with Dorothy Donegan's trio, the Sutherland booked Jackie Paris and the Ronnell Bright trio. Currently appearing is the String Jazz quartet, headed by bassist Vinnie Burke. Newborn returns Sept. 11, with Billy Taylor's trio set for late October.

U. S. A. WEST

All That Indianapolis Jazz

Jazz in Indiana has been making progress, thanks to the efforts of Al Cobine's big band.

Cobine's band has been playing dates throughout the state, including a date with the Four Freshmen and an eight-day booking at Indiana Beach on Lake Shaffer.

Roger Pemberton, a former member of the Cobine band, is now playing baritone with the Woody Herman band.

South Of The Border

Barney Kessel flew south last month, the only American jazz musician invited to play a concert in Caracas, Venezuela, at the local jazz club's annual festival, Aug. 17.

Invited by club member Jacques Braunstein, a Caracas disc jockey, the guitarist, accompanied by his wife, Gail, took with him scores by top U.S. arrangers to be played by local jazzmen.

It was the second time an American musician had been asked to play at the annual Caracas affair. Altoist John LaPorta was the featured guest there last year.

Lucy A La Mode

The latest artist to sign with Red Clyde's growing stable on Mode Records, a new Hollywood independent label, is vocalist Lucy Ann Polk whose first 12-inch LP is now in the can. Her contract is exclusive.

Recording of the singer's initial album was done under the supervision of Mode's music director, Marty Paich. Titled *Lucky Lucy Ann*, the album was scheduled for release late last month.

In its second set of 10 releases ready to go, Mode includes albums featuring pianist-vibist Eddie Costa and baritone Pepper Adams, recently named new stars in *Down Beat's* annual Jazz Critics poll.

Forthcoming LPs will feature new vocalist Don Nelson, the Joanne Grauer trio, an all-piano album by Bobby Troup, and what is described as "A Jazz Band Ball" by a company spokesman who increased the confusion by describing the album as "... the first of a series outlining the instrumental dimensions in music."

A Backward Glance

A keen backward look at the traditional in jazz by musicians usually regarded as spokesmen for the more forward-looking modes is illustrated in an upcoming Pacific Jazz long play album, *Traditionalism Revisited*.

Time travelers Jimmy Giuffre, Bob Brookmeyer, Jim Hall, Joe Benjamin, and Dave Bailey chose for their flirt with a past a selection of source ma-

terial including *Truckin'*, *Santa Claus Blues*, and *Louisiana*. According to a company spokesman, "The record promises to be an exciting trip through jazz history, from King Oliver and Louis Armstrong up to the present day." It is due for release this fall.

BANDM AT RANDOM

Leave Home, James

What is beginning to take shape of a mass exodus to Europe by bands and musicians continues unabated.

Latest leader due to get his feet wet in the apparently thriving band market across the Atlantic is Harry James. The trumpeter takes a 14-piece band on a grand tour of the Continent beginning Oct. 2 in Munich, Germany. It will mark the first time James has ventured to Europe.

While Buddy Rich at presstime was still not definitely signed to go along as featured soloist, manager Sal Monte told *Down Beat* there now was a "good possibility" that he would be available.

With Jilla Webb handling the vocals, the rest of the personnel stands as follows:

Saxes—Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran, Herb Lorden, Francis Polifroni, and Ernie Small; trumpets—Don Paladino, Nick Buono, and Bob Rolfe; trombones—Ray Sims and Bob Edmondson. Larry Kinnamon is on piano and Russ Phillips on bass.

Prior to departure for Europe the James band does the Ed Sullivan TV show Sept. 22 from Hollywood.

Clap Hands

After an extended period of hibernation on the west coast, Charlie Barnet will hit the eastern trail late this month.

The leader will take a 15-piece band for a two-month road trip, opening at Chicago's Blue Note Oct. 16 then, after a flurry of one-niters, continue on to New York for an as-yet-unnamed club engagement there.

Full personnel of the band, a seven brass/five reeds/three rhythm aggregation, was unavailable at presstime. Band manager Bob Dawes, however, told *Down Beat* that many of the west coast sidemen who have been working with Barnet for the past year or more will be taking the trip. This would include jazz trumpet Ralph (Diz) Mullins and young jazz tenor discovery Sam Firmature.

Brother Act

Larry Elgart, sax-playing brother of bandleader Les, stepped out of the section and out in front of the band in mid-August.

From Aug. 15 on, Columbia Records and the band's representatives announced the orchestra would be under the direction of both Les and Larry.

There would be no change in other personnel. In fact, they said, there would be some writing for six saxes, as well as some scores featuring Larry. The idea was premiered for the Columbia Records convention in Miami, Fla., a few weeks earlier.

Upcoming: solid bookings through February; a new LP in November

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Down Beat

featuring the new name; and two big months at the Statler Hotel, New York, starting Dec. 6.

Said Larry, "The band has been sensational. In the first two weeks of August, it was done considerable percentage in every spot it's played. There are some guys who have stuck with bands during this so-called depression, and they've been doing fine business."

Big Band Fall

When owner Louis J. Brecker started operations in his glistening new Roseland ballroom in New York late last year, he estimated that he would spend about a half-million dollars for bands in 1957.

Since that time, Brecker has lived up to his word. The top name bands have trooped into the spot, and business has been steady.

Early in August, Brecker announced his still-in-the-works plans for the fall, and they seemed destined to perhaps boost his earlier outlay estimate.

Les Brown arrives at the Roseland Sept. 10 for two weeks, to be followed during the fall season by Sammy Kaye, Xavier Cugat, Richard Maltby, and Ted Lewis, all for two weeks.

In the plannings stage are possible engagements by Guy Lombardo, Harry James, and Lawrence Welk.

RECORDS

Eleven Come November

The miles of tape utilized by Norman Granz at the Newport Jazz Festival are being processed by Verve Records, and the result will be 11 LPs.

Present plans call for all the recorded material gathered at the four-day, seven-concert Festival to be issued in single LP volumes, as well as a huge package. Bill Simon, author of the ARS Record club notes and a *Billboard* music editor, has been assigned to write the notes.

The tentative breakdown:

Vol. I—*Dixieland at Newport*, featuring George Lewis, Turk Murphy, Red Allen, and Kid Ory.

Vol. II—*Ella and Billie at Newport*.

Vol. III—The Teddy Wilson Trio and Gerry Mulligan Quartet.

Vol. IV—Dizzy Gillespie's band, with Mary Lou Williams.

Vol. V—Count Basie's band, with guests Jo Jones, Jimmy Rushing, Joe Williams, Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, and Roy Eldridge.

Vol. VI—Toshiko, Mat Matthews, Eddie Costa, Rolf Kuhn, and Dick Johnson.

Vol. VII—Gigi Gryce-Don Byrd Jazz Lab, and the Cecil Taylor quintet.

Vol. VIII—Jackie Paris, Don Elliott, and Leon Sash.

Vol. IX—The Oscar Peterson Trio, Roy Eldridge, Sonny Stitt, and Joe Jones.

Vol. X—Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Pete Brown, and the Ruby Braff Octet with Pee Wee Russell.

Vol. XI—*The Gospel Singers*.

Among the missing are Louis Armstrong, Mahalia Jackson, Sarah Vaughan, Jimmy Giuffre, Cannonball Adderley's group, Chris Connor, Stan Kenton, Erroll Garner, and others who either couldn't or wouldn't obtain releases from their recording companies.



Teddy Wilson and Duke Ellington are shown here discussing the latter's recently-completed tone poem, which Wilson and group will perform during a fall concert tour this year. Teddy Wilson's Concert Jazz, as the tour is titled, will include Wilson, Joya Sherrill, Buck Clayton, Sam Most, Arvell Shaw, and Sonny Truitt.

More Harmony

Columbia Records' new low-priced Harmony label, unloaded a blanket release of 50 LPs late in August, with special interest for jazz collectors.

As reported last issue, the first full 12-inch LP of the first Woody Herman Herd was among the records aimed at racks in drug stores and supermarkets. But, in addition, there were full LPs by Pete Rugolo, Art Tatum, Ralph Sutton playing Fats Waller, the Metronome All-Stars, Bud Freeman and his All-Stars, Herb Jeffries, Peggy Lee with Benny Goodman, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra, and a nostalgic look at the '40s with Kay Kyser.

The price was right, a cool \$1.98.

A Mann With Verve

One of the more recent additions to the Verve Records roster of artists is flutist Herbie Mann, who inked a contract with the Norman Granz label during his summer stay on the west coast.

Mann, who has been free of his Bethlehem contract since February, cut an initial 12-inch LP album for his new affiliation early in August.

In Bird's Footsteps

When a group of jazzmen gathered in Capitol's New York studios to cut an album of bop tunes for Mode Records, a&r man Leonard Feather had a brainstorm.

On the date were Phil Woods, Thad Jones, George Wallington, Curly Russell, and Art Taylor. He added a vocalist.

For *Salt Peanuts*, he recruited Charles Baird Parker, 5-year-old son of Bird, to sing the vocal riff. With stepfather Phil Woods beaming, Little Bird sang the riffs, and was rewarded with a bag of salt peanuts.

Among the tunes cut by the group

were bop standards rarely heard these days: *Shaw Nuff*, *Billie's Bounce*, *Little Benny*, *Hot House*, *52d Street Theme*, *Groovin' High*, *Lemon Drop*, and *Ornithology*.

All Cool At Salem

Salem Records, the Chicago independent label headed by Mort Hillman, is on the move.

The label had two releases ready for dealer shelves at presstime. One features the Gene Esposito trio, headed by Chicagoan Esposito on piano and trumpet. The second spotlights singer Debbie Andrews, backed by a group including Dick Marx, piano, and Johnnie Pate, bass.

A third LP, slated for release soon, will be an expanded version of a Johnnie Pate trio 10-inch LP previously released on the Talisman label. Hillman plans to add four tracks to the original to swell it to 12-inch size.

RADIO-TV

Play Those Things

The fall TV season, always heralded as full of promise and new stars, this year called on the pop and jazz veterans to spark a series of musical spectaculars and super-spectaculars.

This lineup was set to appear on the CBS-TV show *Crescendo* Sept. 29: Louis Armstrong, Dinah Washington, Turk Murphy, Benny Goodman, Carol Channing, Peggy Lee, Mahalia Jackson, Diahann Carroll, Eddy Arnold, and Tommy Sands. Rex Harrison is cast as a visiting Britisher who is exposed to the American music scene. That is, up to but not including the moderns.

Armstrong, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, and Rosemary Clooney join forces on a CBS-TV hour-long show Oct. 3 to introduce Ford's new automobile, the Edsel. Rosie is also set to star in her own live TV series on NBC-TV Thursdays, this fall.

Kay Starr and Van Johnson headline NBC-TV's colorcast of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* Nov. 26, with Lori Nelson in the cast.

In addition, Sinatra will have his own ABC-TV, and the regulars will be back: Perry Como, Gisele MacKenzie with her own show, Nat Cole, Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford may have her own show, Patti Page and her *Big Record*, and several more.

A Lifebelt

Dissipating a fog of trade rumors that predicted the imminent demise of NBC-TV's Nat Cole show around the middle of last month, the network threw a last-minute lifebelt which will keep the show's head above water through the fall.

An NBC spokesman said the network will continue to pick up the entire tab for Cole's weekly half-hour program and, in addition, is reslotting it to the more desirable time period of 7:30-8 p.m., Tuesdays.

While the company spokesman disclaimed knowledge of the reason for NBC's renewal of the show, it is generally believed by sources close to the network that one of the primary reasons is because of the almost unprecedented support given the singer by the nation's press in both commentary and news coverage.

At presstime, however, there was still no sponsor in sight.

Dizzy Gillespie

By Don Gold

FRANK FAIRFAX PROBABLY didn't know what he was starting. He needed a man for his trumpet section.

He hired one, to sit alongside Charlie Shavers. The man he hired, 22 years ago in Philadelphia, was John Birks Gillespie.

Gillespie brought some knowledge of trumpet, trombone, harmony, and theory to the Fairfax band. It was a beginning, the entrance of a gladiator.

From this major league debut to his present status as trumpeter-leader of a vibrant band, Dizzy Gillespie has become one of the most prominent figures in the history of jazz.

After his initial experience with Fairfax' band, Diz began a career that carried him through stints with the bands of Teddy Hill, Mercer Ellington, Cab Calloway, Benny Carter, Charlie Barnet, Earl Hines, Lucky Millinder, Duke Ellington, John Kirby, and Billy Eckstine.

In the mid-1940s, together with Charlie Parker and a loyal group of adventurous jazzmen, Gillespie initiated a new movement in jazz. That movement, commonly known as "bop," began an era that continued beyond the life of the label itself.

In 1945, Diz toured with his first big band. In the 10 years since, he has alternated between small groups and fronting a band. He has inspired passionate devotion from his followers and imitators; he has evoked respect from those who are not fully on his side of the fence.

Gillespie has given jazz an incomparable trumpet talent, a sorely needed wit, and astute guidance. The overseas tours of his current band, tours sponsored by the U. S. State Department, have won fans for jazz and admiration for himself throughout the world. His first State Department tour, in 1956, marked the first official government recognition of jazz as a diplomatic-intercultural tool. It set the precedent for tours that followed.

Although he is appreciated as a musician by jazz fans, little has been known of his opinions in nonjazz subjects. In an effort to create a more penetrating impression of him as a person, he was presented with some topics for comment. His spontaneous reactions follow:

JOHN L. LEWIS: "Man, we've got the same eyebrows . . . You know, I think he's for the miners. He'll fight for them, and that's the important thing."

TROMBONIUMS: "I never heard it played. Or maybe I did once. I like baritone horns better."

READERS DIGEST: "It's very quick and to the point. I read it when I'm on an airplane."

POKER: "I like poker. I like one-eyed jacks are wild."

PSYCHOANALYSIS: "I think it's a necessary evil. There aren't many people who really need it. Some people do it because it's chic."

VOCAL GROUPS: "I dig the Hi-Lo's. Oh, man, they're just like instruments. And they're funny, too . . . That number where they imitate other groups is a classic."

CHESS: "It's a helluva game. I don't play enough of it or play it well enough, but it's a mentally stimulating game."

JOHN KASPER: "I think he has an ax to grind. I don't think he feels too strongly about segregation. He's using the issue to advance himself. He probably sat up nights thinking of ways to make money."

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: "They work so hard they have to be good. John Lewis is working all the time . . . I like the things they're doing."

STEEL DRUM BANDS: "Well, they must have a place, wherever the place is. They're all right."

LEBANON: "My favorite place. It's so nice and quiet, and the Mediterranean is the bluest there. The people are wonderful, too."

MEERSCHAUM PIPES: "The best smoke in the world. I bought most of mine in Turkey, where they're cheap."

SAN FRANCISCO: "It's the nearest city in the United States to continental Europe. It has that old world charm. It's much better than Los Angeles."

IVY LEAGUE CLOTHING: "Yah. I can see that and four buttons, too. I just bought two new four-button jackets. But one more button and you'd be a mailman."

LEAVING A WILL: "People should say where their money is going. But I don't have to worry, because I'm not leaving yet."

THE NICKNAME "DIZZY": "Sometimes I think I deserve it. The guys started calling me that in '35 in Philly, as indicative of my impetuous youth."

CONFIDENTIAL: "A trashpile, a cesspool. The innuendos, not actually saying what they think, bug me."



PAUL ROBESON: "He's a talented artist. He's one of the most courageous, because he won't sell out. And he's not a Communist. I know that. And he's never been in jail, either."

GIN AND TONIC: "Nice for the summertime. Did you know that vodka and prune juice is fine. It's called a Pwé driver. I dig grape juice, too. Welch's, of course. My favorite scotch is Cutty Sark."

MARSHMALLOWS: "I like 'em toasted. Haven't had 'em for a long time."

TURKISH BATHS: "Oh, yah. One thing, it brings your weight down."

ORSON WELLES: "A genius. I like him next to Charlie Chaplin. He can do so many things well."

KATE SMITH: "I think she should try to catch that moon that's goin' over the mountain."

DILL PICKLES: "I love 'em."

TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD: "I like him. I think he's got a lot of soul."

BUNNY BERIGAN: "He was the best white trumpet player. He had feeling. Just the other day, Louis Armstrong and I were discussing him. Louis said he could sure play the hell out of that horn, and I said he sure did."

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Jimmy Giuffre

I'm A Trio Now, He Says, But
I Used To Be Just A Boor

By Dom Cerulli

"I'M A TRIO NOW."

This is Jimmy Giuffre speaking. Until recently he's been known as a good tenor man a fine arranger and a fresh-sounding clarinetist.

But he's a trio now.

"I arrived at the decision to be a trio mostly from my studies in composition and writing, and my playing," he explained. "It seemed to me that three was the ideal number to work real tight. There's something about three—two against one—when one stops another starts, and there's a spelling off. Four or 100 could do it, I guess, but it's more difficult the more you have."

Jimmy became a trio with the help of guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Pena, both kindred music souls. Together, they are working out a group which is unique musically and socially.

PERHAPS THE MOST important facet of the Jimmy Giuffre 3 is the genuine effort each member makes to better himself musically and as a person.

Jimmy said that a few years ago he first became aware that although he was communicating musically, he wasn't making headway as a person.

"It was my wife, Marty, who brought it out," he said. "She was at the Lighthouse while I was playing there, and she told me I was dull . . . a boor. She said I'd play a set, take my solo, then stand around and look bored. Then I'd go upstairs and study music."

"Through her, I've developed an interest in other things and other people."

"With the trio, now, we have learned so much about being persons, and living with each other and with other people . . ."

"We can't agree all the way down the line. That's impossible. But you can respect a man for the energy and thought he has put in, for what he's done before, and what he's trying to do today."

Pena looks at it this way:

"I find we think alike. That helps in our living together. It really helps to be that way. The best thing about having a group like this is that three can do more than one in creating things. I'm finding that out every day. What comes out of the group is a product of the group rather than of three individuals. Jimmy is good that way, he encourages us to write and to speak out in the group. This way, you get to play more music than in a rhythmic section."

Studios Hall has his viewpoint, too:

"This probably couldn't have happened with any other leader. The instrumentation could have, of course. But not what we have here. There are lots of things I've felt up to now, but have never put them into words. Mostly, I guess, about Jimmy's approach to music. It all stems from a basic sensitivity to music. It goes into things like being extremely conscious of the sounds of instruments. Jimmy is the only guy I've had contact with who is really sensitive and sensible about music."

"Jimmy has a theory: Through finding yourself and getting a grip on yourself personally, you can do the same thing musically. There is a direct connection between personal and musical directness."

IT IS THIS awareness of the others in the group that has been responsible for much of its close-knit work, and for its ability to enjoy being together virtually every waking hour of every working day.

This mutual respect for each other comes out in post mortems at rehearsals and performances, when the three musicians analyze their presentations and suggest to each other ways of tightening or loosening their work. Giuffre accepts all criticisms and suggestions. If his viewpoint is opposite, the matter is discussed calmly, and always with a logic based in his feeling of what the mood of a given piece is to be.

It is as if the trio were traveling in an automobile, with Giuffre, as leader, choosing the route, and each man sharing the driving.

The writing (most of the book is Giuffre's, although Hall has contributed several scores and Pena has some in the works) is such that the group has virtually unlimited freedom within, and often outside, the perimeter of the written themes. There is no soloing against a rhythm background.

Rather, there is an integration of solos and rhythm that can often result in one of the instruments, although not soloing, being able to carry the melodic flow.

Giuffre is most pleased when the ad lib sections of the works are indistinguishable from the written parts. Mostly, he instructs Hall and Pena to "play what you feel. Even if it's a little different or a lot different from what's written. If it fits, and you feel it, play it."

THIS GIVES THE group a unity of sound and conception that is rare in jazz.



(John Brook Photo)

"We're always working toward unification," Jimmy said. "Instead of a soloist with accompaniment, it becomes a three-part thing. The solo sets a pattern and finds a function. The other men find their function, and sometimes that function leaves an instrument a chance to develop a longer line. It is a three-part approach. It's not new at all."

Much of Jimmy's music thinking stems from his studies with Dr. Wesley LaViolette in Los Angeles.

"I've been studying with him for 10 years," he noted. "He has opened up things for me so I can use an imaginative approach. There is no system, really, but just broad principles. I study music and these principles he taught me. They have to be there for music to be lasting."

"With the group, I've found that since the background follows the soloist, I've begun shaking off all the schools. Before, when I felt I was playing in an original manner, I was ac-

(Continued on Page 41)

For Teddi, It's Bach, Basie, And Boston

By Don Gold

THE THREE B's in Teddi King's life are Bach, Basie, and Boston.

But not necessarily in that order.

She also says Ted Williams has been much maligned, that life is as nonsensical as William Saroyan often pictures it, and that Ernest Hemingway's *The Killers* is a great short story.

She's fond of Arthur Miller; Renoir; Moussorgsky; John Galsworthy's story, *The Apple Tree*; Shavian wit; obscure-but-potent ballads from long-buried shows; Jimmy Jones; Joe Newman, and Dizzy Gillespie's band.

MISS KING is 5 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inches of opinion.

She is fascinated by the theater:

"Arthur Miller . . . His work is brilliant, following the Actors' Studio-Kazan-Williams tradition . . . Morbid, depressing, but great artistry, great writing, great theater.

"I've thought of working in this field. I started off in it but switched to singing. Thinking about it now, I suppose I could handle light comedy best.

"Perhaps that's why I love Saroyan. I once did *The Time of Your Life*. I love his work because I'm a happy person and feel that life is often as nonsensical as he sees it.

"I'd like to do some acting, without giving up singing. The most fun I've ever had was on a television show I did in Boston years ago. It included a little acting and a little singing.

"If musical comedy means a few straight lines and a love song, I don't think I want it. Being an ingenue lead doesn't appeal to me. I wouldn't want to belt on stage unless it were a meaty thing lyrically.

"You know, I've thought of doing some summer stock. I know there are certain parts I could do, like the Carol Haney thing in *Pajama Game*. Because of my stature, I can't play certain parts. I'm not a tall, willowy blonde; I'm a short brunette."

IF SHE CAN'T LEAP into musical comedy, Miss King says she feels she can incorporate certain acting techniques in her approach to singing.

"I can utilize acting technique right now," she says. "In singing, as in acting, you can be yourself at all times, a la Bette Davis, or lose yourself in a role, like Paul Muni.

"Should you be a definite personality or should you let each tune mold you? To me, versatility comes from maintaining your own sound through *Little Girl Blue* and *Basin Street Blues*."

In another branch of the arts, Teddi

says she would like to paint, too—"if I had time."

Her appreciation in this field leans to "traditional things . . . Renoir . . . Rembrandt. I like painting that can be understood, without being photographic. I like to understand what's happening, but with some changes. I don't get the abstract paintings, like the ultra-ultra-progressive things in music. But I keep trying. I suppose I like the 'classical' in painting and music."

She says she spends 90 per cent of her time at home listening to classical music and is building a record collection. She's now in the midst of a Russian period, "enthralled," she says, "by Moussorgsky and Prokofiev. Their music is emotionally stimulating, like a great painting. It tells a complete story, is completely satisfying."

"Of course," she adds, "there's Bach.

"Bach is Tatum.

"He has six or seven things happening at once. You can single-finger each line, and it will be beautiful. I don't see how any human mind could think it up."

The 27-year-old Bostonian has discovered more than Bach since she was graduated from high school and cast as a singing mermaid in a local production of *Peter Pan*. Stints with local bands, a tour with the George Shearing quintet, and working as a single in night clubs have been a part of her professional life.

NOW SHE'S AN RCA Victor recording artist, hopeful of finding satisfaction in both the pop and jazz fields. It's not a to-be-or-not-to-be situation, as she sees it.

"I have a tremendous amount of choice in recording tunes for Victor," Miss King says. "I make a list of 24 to 30 tunes; Fred Reynolds at Victor does the same. We get together, compromise, and decide on the tunes to record.

"Single-wise, I don't have too much to say, I don't know if I should. It's the vogue to emphasize sales in singles and leave that to the a&r man. But on LPs, it's something else.

"Some of the tunes I'd like to do and haven't are off-beat things, from shows, tunes that nothing happened to, originals composers have given me, for example."

She says she hopes to maintain her jazz-based ability, while satisfying the pop market.

"I'd like to do more jazz albums," she emphasizes, "with a trio or quartet, which I feel is the best way to express myself jazz-wise. Of course, I'd like to



(Don Gold Photo)

do some things with a swinging big band, too.

"In many ways, my last single, *Say It Isn't So* and *There's So Much More*, an obscure Rodgers and Hart tune, satisfies me, particularly in terms of material and backing.

"IF I HAD MY choice, not knowing how it would sound working together, I'd like to work with Jimmy Jones on piano . . . Red Mitchell on bass, because he kills me . . . Jo Jones, for the swinging thing he is on drums . . . Joe Newman or Ruby Braff . . . perhaps Kai or Bobby Brookmeyer on trombone . . . and Mulligan, for his sense of humor.

"Basically, I want to hear things that swing, as Basie does. It's all right to go out on a musical limb, but it should still swing, as Basie always does, or Dizzy's driving band does. That's beautiful music."

Teddi admits that it would be somewhat difficult to create songs comparable to the Rodgers and Hart gems she caresses now, but she has given some thought to studying arranging and composition.

"Then, perhaps," she says, "I'd try writing some of my own material. However, until I can acquire some formal background in that area, I wouldn't even attempt to write."

Knowing her limitations, utilizing her ability to sing with impact and dignity, Teddi King has assumed a role in the underpopulated land of singers worth hearing.

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Joe Shulman Is Dead

By Steve Allen

JOE SHULMAN is dead. We were sitting here in Nick's front room, in Greenwich Village, drinking, when Bill stepped out to take a phone call and then after a minute he came back in, waited till we stopped laughing at something, and said, "I don't mean to be a drag, but Joe Shulman just died."

There was a flurry of soft "Oh, nos" and we all began frowning and looking at our drinks and the floor and the iced celery and carrots on the low, round, white coffee table and at anything except each other's eyes.

I didn't know Joe intimately. He wasn't really what you would call a close friend, and yet he was the kind of man I would have liked to have for a good friend.

It was only the business, the damned busy business, with its endless hustle and travel and meet and talk and decide and flip, and then at last, as in Joe's case, die, before you had a chance to spend leisure time with the few people you met that seemed to be worth knowing better.

Joe was a bass player. String bass. He was my favorite. I wouldn't say he was the very best in the business, but for some reason I enjoyed playing with him the most. I play only moderately good jazz, but with Joe standing next to the piano, swinging back and forth with his eyes closing from time to time like a sleepy baby's, and his mouth framing a perpetual slight smile, I always played my best.

Perhaps it was because I know that he approved of what I was playing. Some bass players play for themselves, for their own enjoyment. Others are perfectionists who in a subtle way let you know that you're not quite on their level.

BUT WITH JOE you always were supported by a combination of swinging, relaxed beat and a personal contact that let it be understood that beside being a musical experience, your playing together was a type of social contact. There was a poetic sort of conversation that took place between his beat-up old bass and your piano. Mostly he played with his wife, Barbara Carroll, but when you went to hear Barbara, if you were a pianist, she always asked you to sit in.

She is a fine jazz pianist herself, and she seemed to play her best after Joe joined her trio.

I remember the general time; it was around 1953, and Jayne and I were still studying each other. Jayne's mother and father were missionaries. She was born in China and didn't see America till she was 7, so she was not like any other woman you might meet in New York. She didn't know the names of old movie stars, she didn't know the words of old songs, and she didn't understand jazz.

All I knew about her at first was that she was beautiful and intelligent and the kind of woman I wanted to invite into my world to become—well, to take over, actually.

But I used to take her to the jazz spots around town and explain the music to her. She was a good student. One of the places I took her to was the Embers. We used to sit close together at a table against the wall and I would put my hand on her knee under the tablecloth and softly tap out the rhythm of the music.

I INTRODUCED HER to Barbara and Joe, and Joe seemed to take a particular interest in our romance. He would step over to the bar and discuss with the bartender a very particular sort of oversized martini and then he would



bring two of them back to our table and we would drink them and fall more in love with each other and with the whole world.

Alcohol may be an evil thing if that's the way you feel about it, but it is not entirely evil in that it can release in man a certain capacity for universal love that usually remains locked deep within him and in some individuals never gets a chance to get to the surface at all.

So Joe would keep bringing these martinis to us, and he would laugh at my jokes and tell Jayne how beautiful she was and I guess you might say that he was sort of our Cupid.

We would have eventually gotten married without him, no doubt, but he surrounded the early days of our courtship with an amber Embers haze of good-feeling and logs in the fireplace and hands across the table and laughter and the deeply felt happy rhythm of good music.

I REMEMBER ONE TIME I was having dinner at the apartment when Joe called me up and said that Barbara was sick and he had a question to ask me and he figured I'd say no but he was going to ask anyway, just for the heck of it.

He asked me if I'd like to fill in for Barbara at the Embers for two nights and, man, it was ridiculous. I mean, here I was thinking it was the best invitation I'd ever had, and he thought I'd say no. Anyway I played there for two nights, and Barbara thought I was doing her a big favor. Those two nights were a ball, and with Joe booming out the big, fat beat hour after hour, I felt that I was in good hands and it gave me the greatest possible confidence.

After Jayne and I got married, we saw Joe rarely, but each time we ran across the Barbara Carroll trio it was a happy time. Usually it was by surprise. We'd be invited to a party at somebody's house, and we'd be there talking, and suddenly Barbara and Joe would come in and that meant that eventually somebody would open up the piano and Joe's bass would appear from some closet where he'd quietly slipped it when he'd entered and there would be music and if I played, I'd play way beyond my customary creative ability. Joe would keep his rock-steady and yet unobtrusive beat, and he'd keep smiling and whispering to me, like a father encouraging a child.

He was young, about my own age, but as a musician he was much my senior, and he always made me feel that I was in good hands when I was with him.

Joe was an enthusiast. I guess that's the best thing anybody can say about him, and that's higher praise than

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Down Beat

September 19, 1957

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it might seem at first thought. The world needs more enthusiasts. Most people are critics, putter-downers. Joe made you feel better than you were and as a result you became better. I'm sure he had experimented with using drugs, and ignored rather than consciously broken the Commandments, but by some sort of deep, elementary standard, he was a good man.

There was nothing vicious in him, and yet he was the sort of person who I'm sure would be criticized by people who consider themselves worthy but who are ever ready to bare their fangs.

JOE HAD A FUNNY HABIT of closing his eyes when he played and doing a little stationary sort of dance, rocking back and forth within about a 10-inch arc, tipping his head first from one side then to the other.

I'm writing this now on a borrowed typewriter in a cubicle at Nick's house, while out in the front room the party rolls on. I'm enjoying the party, but I just had to step in here and put these few meager ideas on paper while they were on my mind.

It was just a few moments ago that Bill said, "Joe Shulman just died; heart attack." And I don't fully understand the motivation that drove me in here to this little sweatbox and the Italian portable.

I have my shirt and my undershirt off and just to my left on the table a cockamamie modernistic lamp is slanting its light through a low glass of scarlet wine. Maybe it's just a means of saying goodbye to Joe, but, damn it, there's no way of knowing that he's getting the message and so I have the crazy idea that I ought to rush into the other room now and say to all of the gang in there, "Listen, you're all going to die some day—soon or late—and it'll probably happen to some of you unexpectedly and to others when you've been scattered to a far corner, so don't think I'm too weird, but I thought maybe I would say goodbye to you now and tell you that I've really enjoyed knowing you and that I admire you. So now when you die you'll at least have had the glad hand from me. The way it happened to Joe and the way it happens to a lot of them it's as if they were suddenly cut off while making a phone call. Joe was in his 30s and—oh, hell."

Naturally I won't say anything when I walk back in there.

IT'S SORT OF SAD about the last time I saw Joe. I had to go to Chicago to meet with one of my sponsors a few months ago, and after I checked into the Sherman, I spent two days running back and forth to meetings and conferences and interviews. The second day, while leaving the old Medinah Temple building, I heard a voice that I thought had called my name.

At that moment I was leaning forward to enter a taxi, and a few seconds later, while the driver was making a U-turn, I glanced out the righthand window and there were Barbara and Joe, smiling and waving. The driver slowed down a bit, and I stuck my head out and yelled, "Where are you working?"

"The London House," Joe shouted. "Call us."

I said I would and then they were disappearing in the distance and I was rushing back to the Sherman and the treadmill.

I never got to see Joe after that. God damn it. I don't know now that what I feel so maudlin about is him or what.

Is it the realization that the world is just too much? Oh, God, why don't we walk around every single minute with our eyes wide open, drinking it all in, because it's being taken away from us little by little every day?

I know now why some people believe in reincarnation; it has to be an idea born out of the same sense of incompleteness that I'm feeling right now as I sit here sweating and wishing I had more talent so I could tell you what I mean because, believe me, these words are doing nothing more than expressing the very vaguest outlines of my conception.

Time runs out on all of us.



Steve Allen
Time Runs Out

SO WHAT IF I had lost a couple of hours' sleep on that last Chicago trip and gone over to the London House and listened to Barbara and Joe? I might have sat in and it would have been a ball, but it wouldn't have made the feeling of loss now any smaller. In fact, the better that now everlost evening would have been, the worse would be the present feeling.

Joe was young, and he had blue eyes and light sandy hair, and he was hip and relaxed, and I swear that musicians at their best are a very fine type of people. I've never known a vicious musician unless he was a very bad musician. There's something about the business of playing that keeps a man young, younger than he would be if he were driving a bus or auditing in a bank. And that's why Joe died younger than even his years indicate.

To tell you what kind of a fellow he was, let me say first that the thing I do the very worst is play the clarinet. I took a few lessons once in connection with making a picture, and although every now and then I kid myself that I'll practice diligently for a couple of years and maybe eventually make it with the instrument, I actually realize that it takes eight or 10 years to become really good at it and that what with being busy and all, I'm never going to make it.

BUT ONE NIGHT at a party at Bill's house I had a few drinks and the next thing I know I'm opening up the clarinet case and putting the plumbing together and somehow in my condition I have the idea that when I put the instrument in my mouth, I'm going to play something worthwhile. It doesn't happen, of course. My tone isn't too bad for a beginner, but when you're handicapped by inadequate technical mastery of an instrument like the clarinet, you're just handicapped, that's all.

But all of a sudden I'm playing with Barbara at the piano and Joe at the bass, and I'm damned if they didn't make me play over my head. Nothing you'd care to hear again or talk about, of course, but still it's remarkable that I never played the clarinet that well before or since.

So that's about it. That's about all I know about Joe. I don't know where he came from or where he went to school or what his religion was or how he spent his time when he wasn't playing.

All the moments we spent together probably wouldn't have added up to 24 hours. But let's work out the arithmetic that way. Let's put all the joking and the martini talk and the sitting-in and the swinging and the smiling and the understanding together and add it up to one 24 hour period. And let's say it was one of the happiest days of my life. I owe it to Joe Shulman.

MARIAN MCPARTLAND threw back her head and laughed. "You have no idea how often I've been asked that," she said. "And, actually, I don't know how to answer it."

The questions were: What are your comments on being a woman in a man's world, the world of jazz? Are there advantages and disadvantages?

"A little of both," she answered. "I have come to the point where I try not to think about it at all. I just try to concentrate on improving my playing. I'd rather think of myself as a piano player, anyway."

Marian's position is somewhat unusual in the world of jazz. She and Barbara Carroll are the two most popular women group leaders in jazz. Mary Lou Williams, after an absence of some five years from the jazz scene, was scheduled to return to open opposite Marian at the Composer late in August, and add to the number of such leaders.

Marian thought a bit and then said, "Naturally, I guess it does affect me in my dealings with people. I'm divided ... At times I believe if I were a man, I might have acted differently in any given situation. I guess I must be old-fashioned or something, but I don't want to be clingingly feminine and get my own way because I'm a woman. And the opposite is true, too. I don't want to be domineering, either."

THE QUESTION WAS put from the other side by an announcer on a recent television show on which the trio appeared.

"How do you like working for a lady?" bassist Bill Crow was asked.

"I've always enjoyed associating with ladies better than gentlemen," fired back Crow. "There's nothing strange about that."

Marian laughed again and added, "I've always enjoyed associating with men more than women. It works both ways."

Unlike most women performers, Marian has a different outlook on clothing. She isn't constantly replacing her wardrobe just because she's been seen in it before.

"If a dress fits me and looks well on me," she said. "There's really no sense in getting rid of it."

To prove her point, she planned to open at the Hickory House late in September with the same handsome cocktail gown she wore when she first opened there for a two-week engagement (which lasted three years) in 1952.

SHE ALSO HAS mixed feelings about her work with a trio. On one hand she admits that she would like the stimulation of working in a larger group.

"If you're working with a group," she mused, "you may not be doing so well for a bit, and you have a chance to be fresh when your turn comes to play. You don't have to carry the whole thing all the time. And a group can give you a whole new set of ideas."

Then why work with a trio?

"I've often thought about that my-



Marian McPartland with countryman George Shearing

Marian McP.

What's It Like To Be A Woman In Man's Jazz World? It Has Problems

By Dom Cerulli

self," Marian answered. "I like to be free and able to improvise. If someone calls out a tune, and we have no arrangement of it, even if we don't know it, it's always fun to work it out as we go. To me, that's jazz."

"Sometimes we'll do a thing like that, and it comes off so good we'll do it again and again, and pretty soon we'll have an arrangement. I like to be free and have room to work around."

Now toying with the idea of expanding her group, perhaps by the addition of a horn, Marian admitted, "I'm thinking of a woodwind thing. Funny, when I think of adding a horn, I always think of Jimmy Giuffrè. Though I know that isn't possible, of course."

MARIAN STARTED playing in trumpet husband Jimmy's group in this country and later formed her own trio to open at the Hickory House. Since then, she has paused from time to time to sit in with Jimmy or appear with him as a guest. When playing with Jimmy and Bud Freeman, she said, she edits her playing down to leaner dimensions.

"I try not to clutter things up," she said. "I play as sparsely as possible. I think of Count Basie."

"There are so many times I think of Count Basie," she smiled. "I'm trying to get out of the habit of overplaying. I'll say to myself, 'If Count had played

just then, he wouldn't have played like that.' Thinking that way, I realize that I shouldn't have done anything there, or I should have played less than I did."

Jimmy, from his vantage point atop 34 years in jazz, commented, "One of the things I find today is that there aren't many piano players with left hands. And I don't agree with this new idea that the bass drum is used only once in a while."

Marian added, "That's right. If Joe Morello could do it, why can't some of the others? It's like an alibi. So many right-hand piano players just seem lazy to me. I feel the bass drum should be kept going delicately most of the time."

Among Marian's other observations:

TELEVISION: "I feel TV people just haven't utilized jazz on TV. Unless the performers are smiling and waving their arms, they're not coming through visually. If people take the time and trouble to set up lights and camera angles ...

"We did *Look Up and Live* a couple of times, and we spent a lot of time in rehearsal. But it was worth it. I saw the kinescopes, and the lights were all low key and the camera angles were wonderful. I still get comments on those shows."

"If they'd just let musicians be themselves and not expect them to wave

their arms or smile at the camera, they'd get much better results."

MODERN PIANO: "It seems to me that the newer crop of piano players are rather preoccupied with time, rhythm patterns, and percussive sounds . . . They're not playing all the piano, just a certain area of it. A guy like Billy Taylor can do all those things—the rhythm patterns and percussive sounds—and still play on 88 keys. And with beautiful harmony and a delicate touch.

"Another thing I can't stand is this routine of playing in two or three keys, C, F and G. There are 12 keys. All right, it's a little harder to play in F-sharp, but it's also a lot more fun.

"There may be a feeling that it's sentimental or sissified to play with rich harmony. I do love full and interesting harmony, like the way the Ellington band is voiced. The funky players will find they're not losing anything if they play ballads with more varied harmony. Let them go home and play some Debussy or Ravel.

"John Mehegan plays ballads with wonderful voicings, and Brubeck has a lovely ballad touch. Why, this modern piano playing thing is reduced to single notes with an occasional whack in the bass with the left hand. I don't believe people should confine themselves to one part of the piano. It's like playing in one register on a horn.

"That's why I like Erroll, too. Some may think he's corny, but I think he's the world's real putter-onner. It sounds like he's putting on everybody with some of those interpolations. He plays all 88 keys, too. And they stay played.

"Bud at his best had a lot of lyrical things going. Now that school seems harmonically thinned-down a little. But, I'd still love to be able to have the wonderful percussive time sense these guys have . . . like Eddie Costa. I admire that tremendously."

OTHER GROUPS: "I like to listen to all kinds of groups. Sometimes they're so good I have a feeling of despair. Then I come out of it and say, 'I've heard something real good, and I've learned from it.'

"Conversely, when I've heard something real bad, I say that I think I can do better than that, or I can improve on that. Either way, there's a lot to learn.

DRUMMERS: "A pox on all drummers! to quote Bill Crow. Every time Jimmy and I hear Buddy Rich, we're gassed. What a performer. Then there's Joe Morello . . . He used to kill me with some of the things he'd do in four-bar breaks. He always seems to know exactly what's right to do. And he's so darn funny.

CRITICISM: "It helps to have good criticism. Some of the best I've ever had came from Lennie Tristano. I played him some records I'd made, and he was rather sarcastic but he was honest. I respected his opinion, and he

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

LET'S PLAY 20 QUESTIONS

ALMOST 18 MONTHS have passed since the last time I picked your collective brains in an attempt to investigate the nature and personality, the joys and sorrows of the average jazz fan.

The following list includes only two questions that were asked in the last column of this kind. Whether or not you sent in your reaction to the last 20 questions, I'd be happy to hear from you now.

As before, I will award half a dozen LPs to the reader whose answers seem most worthy of extended quotation.

● Under what conditions do you best enjoy listening to jazz: (a) records, (b) radio or television, (c) night clubs, (d) concerts, (e) festivals?

● Which radio or TV show do you listen to most regularly for its jazz content?

● Which types of jazz are you mainly interested in: (a) Dixieland and New Orleans, (b) swing and mainstream, (c) bop, (d) modern big bands, (e) modern combos, (f) classical influenced and/or atonal jazz?

● Which kind of jazz material do you tend to prefer listening to: (a) old jazz instrumentals, (b) old standard (pop) songs, (c) new or unfamiliar material?

● Are you spending (a) more money, (b) less money, (c) about the same

was right. I've tried to correct the things he talked about."

ARM-CHAIR CRITICS: "Lots of them seem to use bad grammar. They'll say, 'He don't swing.'"

RECORDING: "I should always let a good long time elapse before I hear the things I've recorded. Sometimes I get shocked at what I hear. I never play as well in a recording studio as I do in a club. I would love to be recorded without knowing it. When I'm recording, I tend to be too careful."

STYLE: "I don't know how long it will be before I settle into a style. I don't think I ever have. I'm still trying. That's why I admire someone like Mary Lou Williams so much. She's changed with the times. I like that. I would like to find an identifying style, but I can't just furrow my brow and create one. If it happens, it happens. If not, I'll do the best I can with what I have.

CLUBS: "I think a lot of club owners pass up a good thing in good lighting. I can think of at least two clubs with excellent lighting: the London House and Baker's Keyboard. You play better and are happier. You can make little productions out of sets. Good lighting and a good piano are half the battle.

MARIAN McPARTLAND: "I feel I've been developing and improving musically. I'm changing as a person, too. It hasn't always been easy, but it's always interesting. Like going through the college of hard knocks."

(This is the last of two articles.)

amount of money on jazz records as you were a year ago?

● What attributes, in your opinion, qualify a performer to be considered as a jazz singer: (a) sound quality or vocal timber, (b) type of accompaniment used, (c) type of material performed, (d) racial origin, (e) manner of phrasing, (f) type of vibrato?

● Which of the following do you think qualify as jazz singers. (a) Frank Sinatra, (b) Bing Crosby, (c) Woody Herman, (d) Perry Como, (e) Al Jolson, (f) Roberta Sherwood, (g) Mahalia Jackson, (h) Julie London, (i) Jeri Southern, (j) Peggy Lee, (k) Dinah Washington, (l) Barbara Lea?

● Which of the following rock-'n'-roll performers do you feel should be seriously considered as jazz artists: (a) Bo Diddley, (b) Fats Domino, (c) Elvis Presley, (d) Joe Turner, (e) Bill Haley, (f) Pat Boone, (g) the Teenagers, (h) the Platters, (i) Ray Charles, (j) Sam (The Man) Taylor?

● Outside of the United States, which country do you think has produced the best native jazz talent?

● Do you think jazz and classical music are moving closer together? If so, do you approve of the trend? (Be brief.)

● What do you understand by the term "atonal" music? (Please don't look it up in the dictionary. Answer in 12 words or fewer.)

● Do you believe improvisation is an essential element of all jazz? (Yes or no.)

● What do you think is the best thing that has happened to jazz in the last year?

● What do you think is the worst thing that has happened to jazz in the last year?

● Who, in your opinion, has been the most underrated jazz artist of the last year?

● Who, in your opinion, is the most underrated jazz artist of all time?

● Whom do you consider the worst or most overrated jazz artist of the last year?

● Whom do you consider the worst or most overrated jazz artist of all time?

● Which record company do you think has done the most for jazz in the last year?

● If you had a million dollars to promote jazz, how would you spend it? (In 50 words or fewer.)

Note: Answer questions by using the reference letters (a), (b), (c), etc., wherever possible.

If you want to be considered for the prize, better make sure your entry is typewritten, or at least handwritten with such stark and utter clarity that a 5-year-old child could read it. Entries must be postmarked not later than Sept. 30; from overseas, Oct. 10.

I can be reached at *Down Beat*, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, and in view of the amount of mail that greeted the last column of this type, I'd like to protect myself by gently reminding you that it will be impossible to enter into any correspondence; in other words, send in your answers but don't include questions.

rd Feather

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when it sounds like this...



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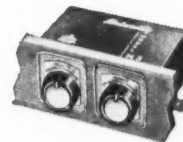
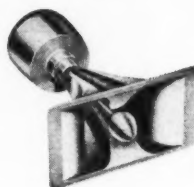
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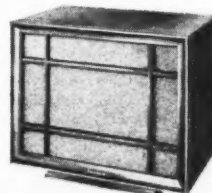
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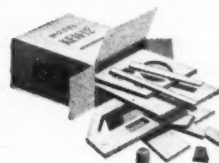
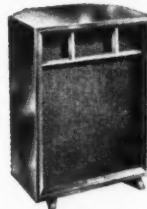
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THESE DUKES don't play calypso. They play jazz.

And while they haven't played most of the major jazz clubs in the country, they've sold more records than many of the recognized jazz stars.

The Dukes of Dixieland have sold more than 120,000 LPs for Audio Fidelity Records. Most of these copies were sold on their first two volumes, but approximately 16,000 copies of Vol. 3 were sold in a few weeks after its release recently. Two more LPs are set for release soon, and an additional pair will be recorded in a few weeks.

Essentially, the Dukes are a family proposition. And it's certainly a happy family. The family name is Assunto, and three members of the family work in the group.

FATHER JAC, 52, the family music teacher, plays trombone and banjo. He was band director for nine years at Redemptorist high school in New Orleans, the family's home. One son, **Frank**, 25, plays trumpet; another son, **Fred**, plays trombone. Other members of the group include Stanley Mendelson, piano; Jack Maheu, clarinet; Bill Porter, bass and tuba, and Tommy Rundell, drums.

Back home in New Orleans, in reserve, are Anna Rae, 20, who plays bassoon, baritone horn, and piano, and Frances Jean, 18, who plays clarinet, oboe, and piano. The mother of the Assunto clan, Josie, travels with the group. She plays piano, but doesn't perform with the Dukes.

Frank Assunto serves as group spokesman.

"We played as a group before 1949, working any jobs we could get in New Orleans," he remembers. "Then, Irving Fazola suggested we form a seven-man group to enter the Horace Heidt show. We did so and won the show. We went on the road with Heidt for three years. Then, he decided he wanted us to sign a seven-year contract for \$125 apiece. "When we told him we wouldn't take it, we suddenly lost his running contest."

"We went back to New Orleans and worked there until April, 1955. We needed permission from the National Guard unit for Fred and I to leave town, and we finally got it. We're not in the guard any longer. I spent nine years in it; Fred put in eight."

ALL THAT WAS NEEDED, apparently, was exposure. The group got this steadily. Bookings began to form. In the two years since the group left New Orleans, it has developed a substantial following and a fine array of engagements. A typical year of bookings might begin with 20 weeks at Chicago's Preview lounge, followed by three weeks at the Grandview inn, Columbus, Ohio; 13 weeks at the Thunderbird, Las Vegas, Nev.; 17 weeks at the Dunes, Las Vegas, and another extended booking at the Preview.

"We'd like to do more college dates, more concerts," Frank says. "We'd like to play some of the major jazz clubs



The Assuntos . . . Freddy, Jac, and Frank

How Jazz In Hi-Fi Made Kings Of Dukes

as well. So far we've been typed to show rooms, instead of jazz rooms. We have a big following, but 80 percent of them are not genuinely jazz fans."

The members of the group, however, are interested in all facets of jazz. Frank remembers their early experience in New Orleans with a good deal of fondness.

"We knew Fazola well," he says. "Santo Pecora, Sharkey, Nick LaRocca, who's now a carpenter down there . . . I remember getting together with all of them. George Lewis is one of the musicians who taught us to play the blues. He played at a neighborhood bar and would let us sit in and listen to the chords. He's a great old cat."

"You know how little Lewis is. Well, when we met him, he was working as a stevedore by day and playing jobs at night. He was a great guy and still plays so well."

"**YOU KNOW**, Dixieland was all we knew then. We grew up with it."

"Now we've come to like all forms of jazz. I like the Modern Jazz Quartet very much, for their unity and the way they know what they're doing. Milt Jackson is one of my favorite soloists. I like Mulligan, too, as a person and musician. And Max Roach is one of the greatest."

"There are only three trumpet men I dig in the modern idiom: Clifford Brown, Joe Newman, and Jonah Jones. There's no warmth in the Chet Baker approach. Diz, by the way, has an amazingly imaginative mind and a remarkable technique."

"As far as Dixie is concerned, I dig Red Nichols' group, one of the finest-sounding groups ever. For the authentic things I'll still take George Lewis.

Louis, Big T, Hackett, Abe Lincoln—they're all fine hornmen. Bunny Berigan, Bix, Wild Bill, too . . . And Dixie or not, Carl Fontana swings the end. His dad and mine once ran a music school together, I might add."

ONE OF THE problems facing most jazz groups is that of maintaining a book that satisfies audiences and stimulates the members of the group. The Dukes meet this problem with constant searching for new material.

It is this variety of material that has made the Audio Fidelity sides so successful. These LPs have made the group aware of the value of high fidelity recording.

"We were never really interested in high fidelity before we started cutting for Audio Fidelity," Frank says. "Working with Audio Fidelity, however, has definitely interested all of us in it."

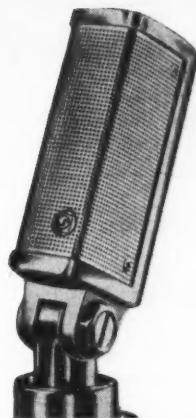
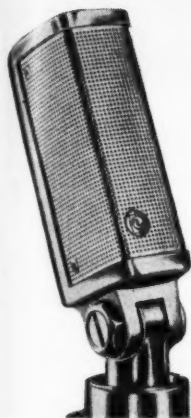
"**IT SEEMS TO ME** that their sides sound better than most, regardless of the machine you play them on. I really don't know why, because their recording equipment doesn't seem to be that distinctive."

"Sid Frey, president of Audio Fidelity, is always experimenting with sound. We were afraid of it at first, but it's worked out well to date. At the first session we had, he made us stand so close together it seemed uncomfortable. He was so particular about mike placement, too. He would place us in tight groups, actually spreading out the band to get a distinct separation of sound."

"And now," he adds, "they're going to issue our stuff in binaural tapes. If the LPs have had impressive sound, think of these tapes." —gold

Stereo Tapes

A Long Look At A Growing Field



THINGS ARE HAPPENING fast in the stereo field.

What was yesterday's experimental curiosity for the wealthy is today's reality for the average income.

The commercial market is almost abreast of the laboratory and the recording studio. And what looked like a promising young facet of the recording industry—monaural tape—has seemingly become obsolete overnight.

Actually, stereo has been with us longer than we realize. As far back as the early '40s, Walt Disney used multiple track sound recordings in his movie *Fantasia*, to create the illusion of sound coming at the patrons from every corner of the theater.

IN RECENT YEARS, the major—and some of the independent—recording firms have been cutting all their catalog items in stereo.

From best available figures, about 80 percent of the \$1,500,000 spent on pre-recorded tapes last year was invested in stereo tapes.

About the only thing holding back a sudden mass conversion to tape by hi-fi-conscious Americans is the somewhat high cost of equipment and the high cost of tapes.

Equipment must include a stereo tape deck, a pair of balanced amplifiers, and a pair of balanced speakers. There are presently available "portable" sets, ranging in price up from several hundred dollars, and huge consoles, also equipped with radio and phonograph, priced up to \$2,000. In all sets, the end's the same: to play stereo tapes and obtain the best possible recorded sound.

RCA VICTOR has been issuing stereo tapes for three years. Most of the catalog is classical music. By the end of this year, the giant of the recording industry hopes to have 100 stereo tapes available. Of that total, the split will be about 60-40, classical to pop and jazz.

This year marked the entry of a great number of recording firms in the stereo picture. Most of them have been cutting sessions in stereo and waiting for the market to level off at a point that will make the expensive processing of tapes for sale economically feasible.

A quick look at some of the companies shows their present stereo plans.

Bethlehem reports its has been cutting recent sessions in stereo and plans to enter the tape field soon.

Elektra announces that under a licensing agreement, its tapes are issued by Livingston Audio Products, Caldwell, N.J. So far five jazz and pop Elektra tapes are available: *Tenderly* by Norene Tate; *Josh White*; *The New York Jazz Quartet*; *The New York Jazz Quartet Goes Native*, and *Midnight Session with the Jazz Messengers*.

IN ADDITION, Elektra reports that a new company is being formed, in which the label will have a share. It will be called Dyna-Tape and will act as another stereo tape manufacturing unit.

Vik, the RCA Victor subsidiary label which has been making significant strides in its recorded output, presently has no stereo tapes on the market but has been cutting catalog sessions in stereo. Herman Diaz Jr., manager of Vik's albums, reported that the label plans to start releasing stereo tapes in January. The catalog is presently in the process of assembly.

ABC-Paramount, too, is readying a move into the stereo field. The present target date for the label's entry is late this year, probably in time for the Christmas market.

Atlantic Records has been cutting virtually all of its jazz sessions in stereo for three years now. Among its catalog items are tapes by the Modern Jazz Quartet, Jimmy Giuffrè, Shorty Rogers, Chris Connor, and many others. Atlantic plans to get into the field in November.

CAPITOL, IN LINE with its entry into and high standard of fidelity in LPs came into the stereo field recently with seven classical and light classical tapes, plus four pop and jazz tapes, the latter including spoofs by Nat Cole, Stan Kenton, and George Shearing.

Capitol even has come out with demonstration tapes, similar to the hi-fi LP demonstrators issued when its Full-Dimensional Sound on LPs was being pushed.

Columbia is at hand with its initial release of tapes. Of the first 10 releases, the split is 6-3-1; classical, pop, original cast.

Blue Note has some stereo tapes available, among them the Art Blakey

Orgy in Rhythm sides, which should become standard equipment displays.

Other firms have their most recent items available or are readying them for early market. It looks as if the consumer dam has burst.

But instead of heading for the hills, the manufacturers are heading for their books to try and trim costs. Today's market value of an average stereo tape ranges from \$8.95 to \$16.95. Some are higher, a few are lower.

The equipment is coming into buyers' range. Unless some way is found to sidestep the almost individual pains necessary to make stereo tapes, the price on them is bound to remain rather high.

The lab and studio process is still one step ahead of the consumer market. The thing today is to cut in triple-track and then process a dual-track stereo tape from that. Engineers agree that it brings new presence to a performance if done correctly. It also enables a soloist to stand out even more through selective processing.

THE THREE TRACKS also can be combined into a balanced monaural tape, from which LPs can be, and are, made.

Where will it end?

No one really knows. There are several projects under way to perfect stereo LPs, with the sound coming from a single groove picked up by a needle vibrating laterally and vertically. There are some rumbles of eventual home triple-track equipment. There are predictions that stereo will replace conventional recordings.

The last-mentioned may be a fact in the not-too-far future as far as packages go. But for the singles, which erupt onto the market weekly with the nation's pop tunes, it hardly seems likely. There will have to be some comparably low-priced and easy-to-mass-produce tape to compete with the singles of today to make the change complete.

The stereo story seems hardly to have begun, and we're already into the double-number chapters.

(Ed. Note: See page 22 for a list of currently-available tapes of much interest.)

tapeography

A list of currently-available stereophonic tape recordings that are of special interest to readers of *Down Beat*.

Warren Bakers: *After Hours* (Omega ST-7014)
 Paul Barbarin: *New Orleans Jazz* (Liv. AT-7-8 (BN))
 Erskine Butterfield: *Just for Kicks* (Liv. 1062 (BN))
 Barbara Carroll: *Trio* (Liv. 1081 (BN))
 Page Cavanaugh: *And You* (Stereotape ST-6)
 Charlie Christian: *Charlie Christian* (Omega ST-7006)
 Rusty Dedrick: *Progressive Jazz* (Liv. ES-7-6 (BN))
 Wilbur DeParis: *New Orleans Jazz* (Liv. AT-7-9 (BN))
 Vic Dickenson: *Old Fashioned Love* (AV-707 (BN))
 Duke Ellington: *Originals* (Pent. 800)
 Doc Evans: *Dixieland Band* (Stereophony A-121)
 Flem Ferguson: *Dixieland Jazz, Vol. 1* (Klipsch 1000)
 Weldon Flanagan: *At the Palace in Dallas* (Klipsch 1006)
 Bob Florence: *Trio* (Stereotape ST-7)
 Herb Geller: *That Geller Feller* (Bel Canto ST-16)
 Gin Bottle Seven: *Dixieland* (Liv. EM-5-3 (BN))
 Gin Bottle Seven: *Play Again* (Liv. EM-7-6 (BN))
 Bobby Hammack: *Music for Lovers Alone* (Omega ST-2015)
 Hi-Lo's: *In Hi-Fi* (Omega ST-7006)
 Jazz at Shreveport: *Vol. 1* (Klipsch 1003)
 Jazz at Shreveport: *Vol. 2* (Klipsch 1004)
 Herb Jeffries: *Sleeping Out with Herb Jeffries* (Stereo. ST-2)
 Fred Kaz: *Kaz-Jaz* (Conc. 507)
 Barney Kessel: *Ever-Lovin' Miss Lee* (Reco. 100-6)
 Dick Marx: *Presenting Dick Marx* (Alpha ST-26)
 Rosy McHargue: *Eight Great Dixieland Jazz Numbers* (Reco. 200-S)
 Jimmy McPartland: *Down the Middle* (Con. Hall BN-13)
 Merry Macs: *In Stereosville* (Stereotape ST-9)
 Bob Mielke: *And His Bear Cats* (Liv. EM-7-7 (BN))
 Jack Milman: *Jazz Hystereo* (Stereo ST-5)
 Modernes: *Swingin' Easy* (Conc. 508)
 Oscar Moore: *Presenting Oscar Moore* (Omega ST-7012)
 Music from a Nearby Star (Omega ST-2005)
 Red Norvo: *It's New, It's Nice, It's Norvo* (Jemo JJ-1-S)
 Carl Perkins: *Progressive Piano Styles* (Liv. AT-7-5 (BN))
 Sammy Price: *Barrelhouse and Blues* (Con. Hall BN-16)
 Red Onion Jazz Band: *Vol. 1* (Liv. AT-7-5 (BN))
 Bob Romeo: *Aphro-Disia* (Omega ST-7011)

A Young Man's Fancy

JACK WIENER is a young man who has more difficulty getting persons to spell his name correctly than he has had in mastering the complexities of his field—sound engineering.

Wiener, just 22, is Sheldon Recording Studios, located in the Chess Records building on Chicago's near south side. Despite his age, he's had a varied career in the recording industry.

When he was 18, he joined Universal Recording in Chicago. He remained with Bill Putnam's accomplished crew for three years, doing mastering, editing, and developmental work. For a brief time, he served as a consultant for Zenith Cinema Service, Chicago, installing and designing sound equipment.

HIS EFFORTS FOR Universal had included service as an account executive without portfolio for Dot Records. When Dot moved to the west coast, Wiener decided to follow. He worked with Master Recorders, Los Angeles, thanks to the recommendation of Dot's chief engineer, Ben Jordan, and participated in the sessions which produced some of Dot's top sellers, including Pat Boone's *Anastasia*.

He was summoned to Chicago when his father became ill. While in town, he met Phil and Leonard Chess, owners of the Chess, Checker, and Argo record labels. The brothers had bought a building as headquarters for the labels' activities. They felt a recording studio would be a definite asset.

"In the recording industry it's difficult to get a backer, because a studio is a studio and can be used for little else," Wiener says. "But they knew they could utilize one in their own operation. As a result, they rebuilt the building, and I took over the studio."

Recently, work on the studio and related facilities was completed, and Sheldon Recording Studios made its official debut.

Paul Severson: *Sounds-Crazy* (Jazz ST-4016)
 Muggsy Spanier: *Dixieland* (Pent. 600)
 Stereo Nightclub (Nat. 1104)
 Stereojazz Jivers: *Play Mambo's* (Nat. 1102)
 Stereojazz Jivers: *Play Progressive* (Nat. 1101)
 Symphony for Glen Miller by Hamburg Philh., Alster (Bel Canto ST-8)
 Clark Terry: *Clark Terry Orchestra* (Pent. 900)
 Marge Whaley: *Honky Tonk Encores* (Cel. S-110)
 Marge Whaley: *Honky Tonk Stylings* (Cel. 70)
 Josh White: *Comes a-Visitin'* (Liv. 1085 (BN))
 Josh White: *Sings the Blues and Other Songs* (Liv. EL-7-2 (BN))
 Harry Zimmerman: *Band with a Beat* (HiFi R-602)

"We're using some of the finest equipment you can buy today," Wiener emphasizes. "My product is competitively priced, not underpriced. No cut-rate deals here, only quality."

THE LARGE SINGLE studio is 37 feet by 20 feet in size, with a mean ceiling height of 13 feet. The floor consists of 2 inches of concrete over 2 inches of cork. The walls float on resilient springs for complete isolation. Nine adjustable panels line one wall. When closed, they present a hard, exposed surface; when opened they offer a surface that possesses a 90 percent absorptive quality. When all panels are closed, the size of the room, for sound purposes is increased by 250 percent. With all panels open, the effect is a reduction in sound reaction to one-third its normal size. There are no parallel surfaces in the room.

"The equipment we have is all custom-built," Wiener says, "starting with a 12-channel console, utilizing plug-in units built by Universal for rapid maintenance. I designed this console and built it myself."

"Maintenance is important to prevent breakdowns during sessions."

"I'm set up for stereo, too. I took a fine monaural system and doubled it, exactly, so I know that the equipment is the best in both monaural and binaural categories."

"Many studios make their first echo chamber large and associate it with another specific studio. I have an identical pair of chambers, in terms of construction, equipment, and sound, which makes for precise sound reproduction."

"Our tape machines are Ampex," he adds, "which are the most flexible, serviceable machines made today. Our mikes are up to accepted standards, including the use of RCA, Telefunken, Western Electric, and Altec models."

"The disc-cutting equipment includes a Scully Lathe. The cutting head is a Gotham Grampion, designed by recording engineers for recording engineers. We have Fairchild precision playback equipment to get an exact picture of what goes on the disc. Soon we'll have a four-channel mixing console of the same basic design as the control room console, and a mastering room. We'll be adding an echo, if necessary, at the time of mastering, to enrich the sound."

OTHER EQUIPMENT includes Gates compressor-amplifiers, Pultec, Hycor, and Cinema equalizers, plus assorted luxury material.

"This setup meets the best standards of independent studio facilities," Wiener states. "I hope to stick with one large studio, too, because the market seems to be set on small groups. Perhaps we'll add a dialog booth for commercial announcement work, but we

(Continued on Page 35)

music in review

- Jazz Records
- Popular Records
- Tape Recordings

- Blindfold Test
- High Fidelity
- Jazz Best-Sellers

- In Person
- Radio-TV
- Films

popular records

BIG BILL BROONZY

There are just nine blues sung by Big Bill in *Big Bill Broonzy* (Folkways FG 3586), but the recorded discussions in between by Bill and Studs Terkel make it seem like much more. The album, then, becomes valuable on two fronts, the spoken and the sung. Among the latter are *Plough-Hand Blues*; *See, See, Rider*; *Bill Bailey*; *Willie Mae Blues*; *This Train*; *Mule Ridin'*; *Talking Blues*; *Key to the Highway*, the compelling *Black, Brown, and White*, and *Joe Turner No. 1*.

The discussions center on the blues, the spirituals, some reminiscing by Bill, some demonstrations of styles and of types of blues, and some insights into American folk music.

The sound is excellent, Broonzy is in fine voice, the collection is vital to serious students of jazz, and Charles Edward Smith's booklet of notes is intelligent and informative. This should be in every jazz collection. (D.C.)

BOB EBERLY

One of the mysteries of this era of pop music to me is the distressing fact that this collection, *Bob Eberly Sings Tender Love Songs* (Grand Award 33-341), is Bob's lone entry in the LP catalog to date. The voice that was paired so often with that of Helen O'Connell in the Jimmy Dorsey band has deepened and become richer since Bob left the Dorsey band to go into the army, in the early '40s. In this collection, he sings with the same taste and musicianship he had then, coupled with today's warm and vibrant sound.

Among the tunes included are *I Hear a Rhapsody*; *Tangerine*; a stunning *Green Eyes*; *Yours*; *The Breeze and I*; the lovely *I Understand*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, and *September Song*. But for the war, I'm sure this is a singer who would have made it, and big, as a vocal star. He should be making singles as well as LPs of this caliber. It could help to bring back music. (D.C.)

ART FARMER

In *Last Night When We Were Young*, (ABC-Paramount ABC-200) trumpeter Farmer's supple horn is given a backdrop of strings for nine moody ballads. It is a context that fits Farmer's horn well, although I wouldn't want him to drop his small group work for this type of thing.

There's warmth and taste here. There's some saccharine, too, but not to the degree found on similar sets on other labels. Quincy Jones did the writing and is quoted in Nat Hentoff's intelligent liner notes as saying that the strings were intended to complement Art, as if he were a vocalist.

The treatment is very successful, and Farmer's horn sings on such as the title tune, *Two Sleepy People*; *Ill Wind*; *Out of This World*, and *When I Fall in Love*. If this set doesn't bring Art before a wider audience, there's something much more wrong than we realize with radio and the record outlets.

Among the jazzmen on the dates are brother Addison, bass; Hank Jones, piano; soulful-sounding Barry Galbraith, guitar, and Sol Gubin, drums. (D.C.)

ERROLL GARNER

If there's anything which can win an even larger public acceptance for Garner, it will be this collection, *Other Voices* (Columbia CL 1014), on which Garner's piano is given a setting of full orchestra with strings.

The setting is largely of his own making. Erroll and Nat Pierce collaborated on the arrangements, to create a unity of feeling. Rather than have Garner come in and play with a band, the band was molded around him. As a result, he is the star, but not a star pulling the whole works by himself.

Mitch Miller directs the orchestra, which occasionally intrudes on Erroll but never really smothers him. Among the tracks are *On the Street Where You Live*; *This Is Always*; *The Very Thought of You*, and a bonus of five Garner originals: *Other Voices*; *Dreamy*; *Misty*; *Solitaire*, and *Moment's Delight*. Good notes by aide-de-camp Martha Glaser. (D.C.)

SWINGING BRASS

It's actually Phil Silvers and *Swinging Brass* (Columbia CL 1011), but about the only thing Silvers offers is his portrait as Sgt. Bilko on the album cover. Musically, the idea of the album is a fresh one: big-band arrangements of 12 bugle calls. Among them are *Hurry Up and Wait* (reveille); *Last Chance* (tattoo); *Chow, a Can of Cow, and Thou* (mess call); *Scramble* (charge); *Where'd Everybody Go?* (retreat); *The Eagle Screams* (pay call), and *Lights Out*.

Contributing to the chops heard herein are Bernie Glow, Jimmy Maxwell, Charlie Shavers, and Bob McMickle. Among others in the band are Warren Covington, Urbie Green, Hy Schertzer (who also led the band), Al Klink, Boomie Richmond, Don Lamond, Terry Snyder, Artie Baker, and the ubiquitous Hank Jones. Shavers solos impressively on *Where'd Everybody Go?* and *No Letter Today* (mail call). *Two Arms* (to arms) becomes a ballad with solos by Schertzer, Green, and Rich-

mond. Baker's clarinet is heard on *Scramble*, and *Early Bird* (first call). The bugle calls were made melodies by Nelson Riddle, and arranged for this band by Frank Comstock and Warren Barker. Considering that the harmonic frame was rather limited, this still emerges as a lot of fun and a lot of kicks, too. (D.C.)

MEL TORME

Torme is the featured voice in his own *California Suite* (Bethlehem BCP 6016), arranged and conducted by Marty Paich, with the Bethlehem orchestra and chorus. This is a revitalized, extended version of the composition Torme wrote eight years ago. Some of the cliches remain, but Paich has given it a good deal of life.

Torme sings well, and many of the sections of the suit have a bristling feel for life and considerable wit. There are melodic instrumental passages and vocal segments which exist independently and can be performed as single tunes.

Among the tunes which I found most appealing were *Poor Little Extra Girl*, *West Coast Is the Best Coast*, and *They Go to San Diego*. Although the work as such lacks originality in spots, it is indicative of the many-faceted ability Torme possesses. As an entity in itself, the work is generally satisfying and certainly worth hearing, apart from individual geographical preferences. (D.G.)

THE WARD SINGERS

Among the pleasantest music memories of the recent Newport Jazz festival was the Sunday afternoon of gospel singing, in which the Ward Singers played such a large part. Indeed, one of them, Marion Williams, left me breathless and stunned by the uses to which she put her ringing, earthy voice. I still count the Ward Singers' *Packin' Up*, with Miss Williams' fiercely dedicated solo, among the most exciting and moving moments in music I've yet experienced.

On a Savoy LP, *Lord Touch Me* (Savoy MG-14006), the Famous Ward Singers deliver 12 gospel songs with typical fervor and devotion. There is the free beat here and also a dedication. This is music which lies at the roots of jazz, but which stands on its own because of the inspiration behind it.

The Ward sisters, Thilla and Clara, Miss Williams, and Mrs. Henrietta Waddy sing *Old Rugged Cross*, *I Want to Be More Like Jesus*, and 10 gospel songs original with the group, including the title song, *He Knows*, plus *Who Shall Be Able to Stand?*, *I'm Goin' Home*, and *Oh, Lord, How Long?* Recommended. (D.C.)

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jazz records

Records are reviewed by Dom Cerulli, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Gold, and Jack Tracy and are initialed by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Kenny Burrell

KENNY BURRELL—Prestige 12" LP 7088: *Don't Cry Baby; Drum Boogie; Strictly Confidential; All of You; Perception*.
Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Cecil Payne, baritone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Payne is omitted on Track 4.

Rating: ★★★★★

Burrell, a Motor City Blue Blower, reinforces his stature as a mature jazz instrumentalist with this rewarding LP.

In the five-tune context, a wise one, Burrell sets rich chordal patterns, and improvises impressively. Payne, displaying some Bird-inspired mannerisms, plays with taste and disciplined drive here.

Flanagan's flowing piano is very much a part of the proceedings. Watkins' full-sounding bass continues to impress me, particularly in a blues context, where his deep roots are best manifested. Jones plays tastefully throughout.

The material covered is performed inventively. *Baby* becomes a deftly woven blues spell. *Drum* takes on added meaning, tangential from the Krupa version. Bud Powell's *Confidential* becomes a memorably arranged composition, with the large sound of Payne's baritone at the bottom and Burrell chording the top at the opening and close. It would make a fine theme for a jazz radio show. *All of You* features

Burrell in a ballad interpretation, without Payne. Burrell's own tune, *Perception*, features an attractive contrapuntal opening and worthwhile solos by Burrell, Payne, and Flanagan.

There is a fine amount of discipline present here, without making the group sound like a pack of eunuchs. Above all, it is another representative expression by Burrell, indicating his present talent and the promise inherent in his playing. (D.G.)

Teddy Charles

VIBE-RANT—Elektra 12" LP 136: *Old Devil Moon; Skylark; No More Nights; How Deep Is the Ocean?; Ariens; Blues Become Elektra*.
Personnel: Charles, vibes; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Mal Waldron, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; Jerry Segal, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This set is more relaxing than vibrant, although there are some edge-of-the-seat moments when Sulieman teeters on the brink of disaster (apparently) but maintains firm control, after all.

Skylark is a handsomely conceived and beautifully executed showcase for Teddy's vibes. At a soft tempo, he builds a series of meaningful choruses, occasionally accompanying himself softly to voice.

This is the group which Teddy had intact for awhile not too long ago, and

it shaped up to be very exciting. The needed ripping voice was Sulieman's, the subtle pulsing voice Teddy's. The cooking was contributed neatly by Farmer and Segal. Waldron is another thing: a competent background, and a declarative voice in the foreground on solos. His solo on *Blues* is a gem.

As John S. Wilson notes in the liner, this is a somewhat different setting for Charles, a blowing session rather than an intense group session. Teddy apparently enjoyed it, and the results bear him out. It's a loose and swinging collection. (D.C.)

Miles Davis

COOKIN' WITH THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET—Prestige 12" LP 7094: *Airgin; Tune Up; When Lights Are Low; My Funny Valentine; Blues by Five*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

All the tremendous cohesion, the wild, driving swing, and the all-out excitement and controlled emotion that was present at the best moments of the Davis quintet has been captured on this record. Jones has said these sessions, made in 1956 and the last of Miles' Prestige recordings, are the best Davis has made. I am inclined to agree.

Miles was in exquisite form; Coltrane sounds better here than on any except the group's Columbia LP; Chambers is well recorded, and his solo on *Blues by Five* is particularly gratifying. Philly Joe and Garland work together in their intricate system of rhythmic feeding in a fashion that has been done seldom, if ever, before by any rhythm section.

There are many moments of pure music and emotional joy on this album.

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Note the traces of Davis in Coltrane's solo on *Airegin*; note Miles and Philly Joe at the end of Davis' first solo on *Tune Up*; note Jones and Garland behind Coltrane on the same tune; note how Jones doubles up against the pulse behind Coltrane on *Lights Are Low*.

Garland contributes a golden solo on *Lights* and on *Five*. In the same tune, note how the rhythm section continues the melodic outline behind the solos.

As to Miles, his peculiar blend of pure melody and acidulous accents never has sounded better. His "squees" and "whees" come at the moment you least expect them. On his own composition, *Tune Up*, he gets a remarkable show tune type of sound in his statement of the melody and then prefaces his improvisation by a series of two-note phrases with the accent on the

second one. This is extremely effective. *Valentine* is a slow one, done thoughtfully and almost sedately at times, with Jones on brushes behind Davis.

However, it is *When Lights Are Low*, Benny Carter's great tune which is mislabeled *Just Squeeze Me* on my copy, that is the classic number. This is the second version of it Miles has recorded, and it is interesting to note that the tempo is almost exactly the same this time. This is one of the best arrangements this group had; an inventive melding of simplicity and thorough exploration of the harmonic and rhythmic possibilities.

Miles' wispy statement of the melody is followed by Coltrane's ruminative solo, Garland follows with his best work of the date, a long solo the second half of which is locked chords, and there is

a short bit of Davis presaging the unison out chorus. This is one of the best LPs of the year and makes one wonder why the group rated so few votes in the Jazz Critics poll. (R.J.G.)

Kenny Dorham

AFRO-CUBAN — Blue Note 12" LP 1535: *Afrodisia*; *Lotus Flower*; *Minor's Holiday*; *Basheer's Dream*; *K. D.'s Motion*; *The Villi*; *Venita's Dance*.

Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor; Cecil Payne, baritone; Horace Silver, piano; J. J. Johnson (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4), trombone; Oscar Pettiford (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4), and Percy Heath (Tracks 5, 6, 7), bass; Carlos Valdes (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4), conga drums; Art Blakey drums.

Rating: ★★★

The rating here is largely for the last three tracks, which are new. The first four were issued on a 10-inch LP.

Most memorable of the new tunes is *Villa*, a bright-themed original highlighted by Kenny's horn, and some fine blowing by Mobley and Payne. On this side Blakey's cannonades are subdued to a better blend with the ensemble and the mood. On the other two tracks, Blakey sounds overrecorded. He generally has the unique facility of playing virtually as a soloist in ensembles and, somehow, not overly disturbing the thread of musical continuity. On recordings, the balance has to be such that his vigorous support doesn't overpower the rest of the ensemble. On occasion here, it does. *Motion*, a blues, has excellent Dorham, but otherwise is fairly routine.

The Afro-Cuban sides are bop overlaid with the Latin American rhythm. They have spells of excitement, but the rhythm is too confining. Silver is an asset throughout. (D.C.)

Johnny Eaton

FAR OUT, NEAR IN—Columbia 12" LP CL 996: *Georgia on My Mind*; *Lover Man*; *Just Wedging*; *The Lamp Is Low*; *I've Got Plenty of Nuttin'*; *Summertime*; *Sweat the G-Man*; *Quite Early One Morning*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, and 3—Eaton, piano; Herbie Mann, flute; Bob Prince, vibes; Simon DeMuth, bass; Charlie Spies, Jr., drums. Tracks 5, 6, and 7: Eaton, piano; Richard Lincoln, vibes; Edward White, bass; Allen Bergman, drums. Tracks 4 and 8: Eaton, Lincoln, White, Bergman, plus John Solum, flute, and Mel Kaplan, oboe.

Rating: ★★

In describing the Eaton group, annotator Anatole Broyard states, "They never sacrifice the indispensable swinging feeling of jazz..." This statement is as misguided as some of Chamberlain's were during the early days of Nazi power.

The only "swinging feeling" present here belongs to Herbie Mann, who does his best to inject some life into three of the tracks. He plays with a perceptive, warm jazz feeling and does give Eaton's group some motivation. Unfortunately, the group doesn't accept that stimulus.

Eaton's piano playing is unbearably heavy and pretentious. His group marches or stomps, rather than flows; it is characterized by a stiff interplay, rather than jazz-based, productive tension. His writing is equally ostentatious. *Just Wedging*, for example, sounds more like background music for a film on robot life than a jazz composition. Any intensity that exists is of a non-jazz nature.

Apparently, Eaton and his assistants have been encouraged to find a place in jazz. According to past information, he and his men are classically-trained musicians. They should be satisfied to be a part of the classical tradition.

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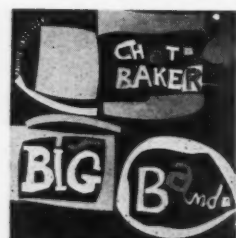


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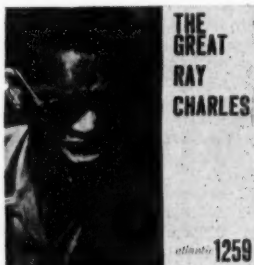


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Lincoln is the closest to jazz roots, but he is not capable of emancipating the group and, at times, needs a compass himself. Solum illustrates a well-schooled approach to his instrument and plays the flute, as an instrument, well. He lacks Mann's jazz orientation, however, and suffers by comparison.

For the most part, this is a study in misdirected talent. And Mann, enmeshed in a web he did not create, cannot give it direction. (D. G.)

Andre Hodeir

ESSAIS—Savoy 12" LP MG 12104—On a Standard; On a Riff; Cross Criss; Paraphrase; On a Blues; The Alphabet; Equisse I; Paradoxe II; Equisse II.
Personnel: Idrees Sulieman, Donald Byrd, trumpet; Frank Rehak, trombone; Hal McKusick, alto, bass clarinet; Bobby Jasper, tenor, flute; Jay Cameron, baritone, clarinet, bass clarinet; George Duivier, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums; Eddie Costa, vibes; Annie Ross, voice obligato.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Hodeir, author of the fine book *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*, is the composer here of nine pieces, some of them rather brittle and almost mathematical in construction but all with some interest in voicing and concept.

Although Hodeir says in his liner notes that he somewhat liberated himself from the influence of Duke Ellington and the arrangers behind the 1949 Miles Davis sessions, there is a strong overlay of the feel of the latter in his work. However, it is more in the voicings than the over-all construction. That is Hodeir's.

It seems to me that pieces such as *Equisse I* and *Equisse II*, utilizing what Hodeir calls the mirror method, are somewhat forced. The soloists seem more at home in such as *The Alphabet*, named for its 26 choruses on a blues theme and featuring the interpolated voice of Miss Ross.

The key of the entire album is low. Solos range from interesting to exceptional, and some of Sulieman's excursions are amazing. New star Costa is heard persuasively on vibes, new star Rehak is spotted on *Standard* and *Alphabet*, and new star Byrd is heard to advantage on both *Equisse I* and *II*, as well as *Alphabet* and *Cross Criss*.

It's a genuine relief to listen to an album that gathers together an impressive array of soloists and displays them in other than the current pattern of theme statement followed by a string of solos. But this collection seems to have swung the pendulum a bit far the other way. These are essays: scholarly, studious, somewhat pedantic, but nonetheless meaty in content. (D.C.)

George Lewis

JAZZ AT VESPERS—Riverside 12" LP 12-230: Just a Little While to Stay; Bye and Bye; The Old Rugged Cross; Sometimes My Burden Is Hard to Bear; Down by the Riverside; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Lord, You've Been Good to Me; When the Saints Go Marching In.
Personnel: Avery (Kid) Howard, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Lewis, clarinet; Alton Farnell, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavagenu, bass; Joe Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

The band which made such a dignified and musical appearance at Newport to spark the opening of the recent festival is captured here in a unique setting.

The group was recorded during the regular Sunday evening vespers service at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Oxford, Ohio, on Feb. 21, 1954. The Rev. Alvin Kershaw had brought the band into the church for some spirituals the year previous, so the precedent for this

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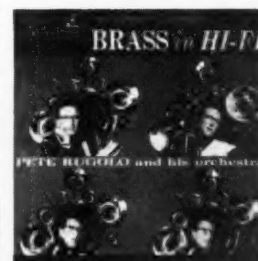


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service was somewhat established.

What is there to say, really, about this performance? There's an eloquently moving version of *Closer Walk with Thee* that in itself makes this a record worth having for many, many playings. The touching *Just a Little While* and the other songs here are not handled particularly reverently or with any undue attention. They have a beat, and they are played exactly as these gentlemen have been playing them through their long and musical lives.

Compare, for instance, the pulsing dignity of *Saints* to the hundreds of up-tempo, often garish versions ground out every time a Dixie group takes the stand.

The Rev. Mr. Kershaw is quoted in the notes as saying that he sees nothing surprising in the alignment of jazz with religion. "To worship properly," he says, "we should offer to God all of ourselves, our feelings as well as our thoughts. Jazz, which appeals to our emotions, helps us do this." To which we can only add, Amen. (D.C.)

Jackie McLean

JACKIE McLEAN & CO.—Prestige 12" LP 7087: *Flickers*; *Help*; *Minor Dream*; *Beau Jack*; *Mirage*.

Personnel: McLean, alto; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Mel Waldron, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums; Ray Draper, tuba, is added on Tracks 1, 2, and 3.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a strange LP. It is dominated by a melancholy mood that permeates the compositions and performances. It is a kind of significant social commentary.

McLean blows with warm power and a solid sense of time. Although his statements are segmented at times, he can, and does here, manifest a concern for linear construction. Hardman can create fluttering strings of notes or sensibly constructed balladic forms. Draper, a 17-year-old New York tuba player shows conceptual promise in the face of the dull, often strident sound of the instrument. The rhythm section consists of Waldron's interesting piano, Watkins' blues-rooted drive, and Taylor's intelligent rhythmic patterns.

Waldron wrote *Flickers* and *Mirage*. Watkins contributed *Help*. Draper wrote *Minor Dream*. McLean composed *Beau Jack*. All are in keeping with the prevailing mood noted above.

Help is a writhing minor blues. *Dream* is based on a warm, moody theme. *Mirage*, a ballad, includes some of the best solo efforts here, including a lovely alto solo, a muted trumpet statement, and some meaningful piano. Watkins' solo on *Help*, by the way, is a personification of all blues feeling.

I felt on listening to this that there was a implied dedication and purpose beneath the recorded sounds. This is more than another blowing session. It has a good deal of communicative significance. There is an impressive empathetic relationship within the group. Despite certain flaws of conception present, this is worth a diligent study. (D.G.)

Red Norvo

RED NORVO AD LIB FEATURING BUDDY COLLETTE—Liberty 12" LP LRP 3035: *What Is There to Say?*; *Shreveport*; *96th Street School*; *Fifth Column*; *The Brushoff*; *I Cover the Waterfront*; *A Few Days after Xmas*; *Mad About the Boy*; *Tar Pit Blues*.

Personnel: Norvo, vibes; Collette, reeds; Dick Shreve, piano; Curtis Counce and Joe Comfort, bass; Bill Douglass, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

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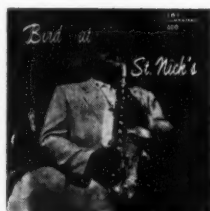
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MUSIC TO LISTEN TO RED NORVO BY—
Contemporary 12" LP C 3534: Poems; Red
Sails; The Red Broom; Rubricity; Paying the
Dues Blues; Divertimento.

Personnel: Norvo, vibes; Collette, flute; Bill
Smith, clarinet; Barney Kessel, guitar; Red
Mitchell, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Ratings: ★★★★★½

How does the man do it? Year in and year out, Red continues to maintain standards of musicianship and ideological interest that have been associated with him for better than a quarter-century on records. The latest pair of LPs will add further luster to Red's reputation; there is little to choose between them except for the added interest of Bill Smith's writing on the second set.

What Is There to Say? typifies the Liberty sides. The melody is neatly rephrased in strikingly effective vibes-flute unison, with accents by brushes and rhythm. Shreve is his usual spare, incisive self; Red, Buddy, and the bassist (why don't they tell us who played on which tracks?) all capture the spirit of the easy tempo and sunny-afternoon mood.

It's the same on most of the other items, with Buddy's clarinet most effective on *Shreve-port* and *School*, his alto pleasant on *Waterfront*. The latter tends to become rhythmically logey; the piano gets a fine funky sound (or sounds out of tune, whichever way you prefer to look at it). The originals (three by Buddy, two by Dick) are all light and charming, especially *Xmas*, Buddy's *Frenesi*-like, up-tempo blues.

The addition of a third voice on the Contemporary LP is important not only for Smith's authoritative clarinet, but for his *Divertimento*, a 20-minute, four-part work that occupies the entire second side. Though it doesn't seem to me that they would be any less effective played in a different order, or as four separate pieces, each is structurally and orchestrally interesting per se. Smith's a Prix de Rome winner who has been teaching music at USC; doddering Brubeck fans will remember him as a key man in Dave's old octet in the late 1940s. He makes resourceful use of the relatively limited instrumentation and is clearly a writer and soloist to watch.

Overleaf are five originals, ranging from the wistful Jack Montrose *Poeme* and the boppish, sailing *Red* by Kessel to the melodic charm of Norvo's *Broom* and the plaintive Duane Tatro *Rubricity*. The side ends with a bouncing riff blues by Lennie Niehaus.

I was tempted to give Contemporary a full five if only for the delightful cover picture by Don Ormiz of Red with his two wonderful carrot-topped children, but some sorehead might complain that this wouldn't be music criticism. Contemporary also boasts far more complete factual details and excellent, informative liner notes by John Wilson.

I take issue with only a single word: the description of Red's vibes as "sinewy" (*nervous, vigorous, firm, tough*—Webster) strikes me as a perfect adjective for Terry Gibbs and the exact opposite of the sound Red wants and gets. (L.F.)

Cecil Payne

CECIL PAYNE—Signal 12" LP S 1203: *This Time the Dream's on Me*; *How Deep Is the Ocean?*; *Chessman's Delight*; *Arnetta*; *Saucer Eyes*; *Man of Moods*; *Bringing Up Father*; *Groovin' High*.

Personnel: Payne, baritone; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

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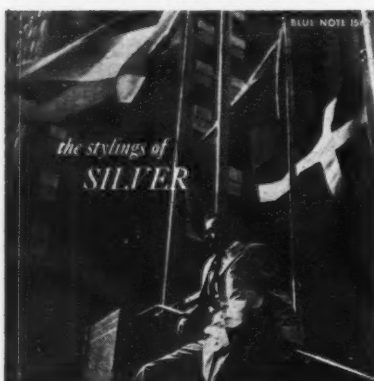
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Kenney Dorham, trumpet, is added on Tracks
5, 6, 7, and 8.

Rating: ★★★½

Baritone saxist Payne works with a quartet, which becomes a quintet when Dorham plays. The results are satisfying if not wholly rewarding.

There is a kind of retrogression here, a kind of return to Bird for comfort, but there are creative moments as well. One of the major flaws here is common to many of the recordings of the bop-as-such-will-rise-again school. This is the every-man-for-himself philosophy which doesn't assist in creating a group sound. The de-emphasis of thematic material for improvisational fury contributes to this same result.

Nevertheless, there are inspired moments here. For me, the two best tracks are *Arnetta*, an up-tempo Payne original, and a frenetic *Groovin' High*, with Payne and Dorham recreating the past joyously.

Payne plays tastefully here but seems somewhat limited in conception. Dorham, with flurries of notes, gives the quintet sides added life. Jordan, a too-often underestimated pianist, plays creatively and cleverly. Potter and Taylor support in inspired fashion. Two of the originals, by the way, *Chessman's* and *Saucer*, were contributed by Randy Weston.

Although Payne's limitations and a lack of integration in the group prevent unqualified recommendation of this set, there is a sincerity of expression and competent musicianship to compensate partially. And *Groovin' High* is one of the most inspired tracks on any LP. (D.G.)

A. K. Salim

FLUTE SUITE—Savoy 12" LP MG 12102:
Duo-Flautist; *Miltown Blues*; *Ballin' the Blues*;
Pretty Baby; *Loping*; *Talk That Talk*.

Personnel: Frank Wess, tenor and flute; Herbie Mann, tenor and flute; Joe Wilder, trumpet; Frank Rehak, trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums.

Also included is an advance track, *Woolfunt's Lament*, from Savoy LP MG 12095, *Jazz for Playboys*, with Wess, Kenney Burrell, Freddie Green, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Although this is termed a "suite," it is more a reflection of composer Salim's blues knowledge than a well-developed work. The suite itself is performed competently but lacks content and continuity.

There is no doubting the blues tradition here. Three of the tracks are blues; a fourth track is blues-based. I found that the individual portions of the suite more riff-based than complete compositions. The themes in themselves are largely undistinguished. As a result, the performance of the work, for the most part, determines its success.

The musicians performing here have indicated appreciable ability on past performances. The efforts of Wess and Mann on flute are more successful than their efforts on tenor, and I would have preferred that they play flute on all tracks, in keeping with the apparent objective of the suite. The others play with authority but without any moments of exciting awareness.

Generally speaking, this date does not fulfill the inherent potential of the instrumentation itself, or the ability of the musicians involved. There is more to be expected than what occurs here. Salim, an ex-Basie reed man who retired from playing in 1943 to arrange

and compose, can do better than he did here.

The bonus track, a selection from an upcoming Savoy LP, apparently is part of Savoy's new policy to preview LPs. It is a Basie-based group, as a glance at the personnel indicates, with Wess and Burrell plus rhythm. (D. G.)

Bob Scobey—Lizzie Miles

BOURBON STREET—Verve 12" LP MGV 1009:
On Revival Day; *Jintown Blues*; *Make Me a Pallet On the Floor*; *Wild Man Blues*; *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Deep Henderson*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Squeeze Me*; *Frog-I-More Rag*; *When You're Smilin'*; *Down and Out Blues*; *Tiger Rag*.

Personnel: Bob Scobey, trumpet; Jack Buck, trombone; Bill Napier, clarinet; Ralph Sutton, piano; Clancy Hayes, guitar and banjo; Bob Short, bass and tuba; Fred Higuera, drums. Vocals by Lizzie Miles on Tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, and 12.

Rating: ★★★

This set is "saved" by the gospel-like fervor of Lizzie Miles, who sings with infinite spirit and soul on five of the six tunes allotted her here (*Tiger Rag* is a bit too nonsensical for her to rescue). She sings with considerable warmth, without sacrificing intelligibility. If she had appeared on all tracks the rating would have been higher, but, unfortunately, she must share the wealth with Scobey and crew.

Scobey plays straightforward, but undistinguished, trumpet here. There is sound, but little genuine fury. There is some confusion as to the whereabouts of his co-workers, too, according to the statements made in the liner notes. According to the notes, the full group appears on eight of the 12 tunes, with Scobey and rhythm section working on four tunes. If this is true, Jack Buck must have been in another studio. Under any circumstances, there are few opportunities to solo for anyone other than Scobey. If his horn possessed the eloquence of Miss Miles' voice, the rating would have been more favorable.

Another bit of confusion stemming from Verve's notes relates to the whereabouts of *Squeeze Me* versus *Sweetheart of Mine*. Although the label lists the 12 tunes as above, the notes refer to the group's version of *Sweetheart of Mine*. But this kind of misinformation seems to characterize Verve's notes.

Aside from such non-musical criticism, which has nothing to do with the rating of the LP, this could have been a far more valid collection than it is, had Scobey given his men more solo space and Miss Miles more room to wail. An all-Miles LP, with Scobey's group in the background, could be worthwhile. (D. G.)

Zoot Sims

ZOOT SIMS GOES TO JAZZVILLE—Dawn 12" LP DLP 1115: *You're My Girl*; *The Purple Cow*; *Ill Wind*; *The Big Stampede*; *Too Close for Comfort*; *Jerry's Jaint*; *How Now Blues*; *Bya Ya*.

Personnel: Zoot Sims, alto and tenor; Jerome Lloyd, trumpet; John Williams, piano; Bill Anthony, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Nabil Totah replaces Anthony on Tracks 6 and 7.

Rating: ★★★

Zoot Sims is an habitué of the garden of soul. He plays with sensitive feeling and drive here on both alto and tenor. His alto work on *Girl*, *Stampede*, and *Comfort* is as fluent and impressive as his tenor efforts on the other tracks.

He is assisted ably here by Lloyd's compatible horn and Williams piano, plus the constant support from reliable Johnson and bassists Totah and An-

own Beat

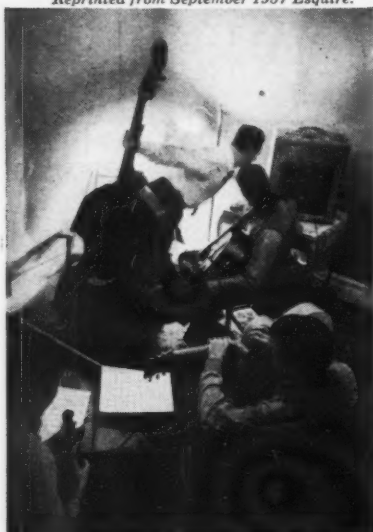


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Weston is a pianist of constant growth and vitality, but his excursion

31

Reprinted from September 1957 Esquire.



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here is uneven. He is capable of doing, and has done, considerably more with his talent. Not that this is in any sense a bad record, but rather more is expected of Randy based on the promise of earlier recordings and in-person hearings.

The strong point here is the variety of settings against which he is cast, although some of the group performances are listless in comparison to the trio's spirit on *Moon* and its taste on *Don't Blame Me*. Copeland plays well, as does Payne, perhaps the result of bringing two horns to the date, a happier blend than the earlier efforts with just the baritone-piano combination.

Loose Wig, a trio side (as are Tracks 3, 5, and 8), sets a moody, gray mood. *Run Joe*, set in Latin American tempo, is routine. The trio's *Don't Blame Me* is more like it, with Weston exploring the melody and creating a handsome series of choruses.

Weston's three compositions — *Wig*, *Theme*, and *J & K* — indicate that more of his own work could make for more stimulating excursions all around. (D.C.)

Reissues

The Erroll Garner of 1944 is caught on four selections in *Early Erroll* (Jazztone J-1269), culled from Dial masters originally recorded in the Manhattan apartment of Baron Timmie Rosenkranz. *Cloudbursts*; *Variations on a Nursery Rhyme*; *In the Beginning*, and *Easy to Love* make up the LP, which was originally titled *Erroll Garner: Gaslight* when released on Dial.

These are historically important, in view of the amazing development of the unique Garner. The sound is another matter. Recorded on home equipment, the LP has a thin, flat sound. Jazztone has done what it could, but because a part of Garner is the dynamics of his instrument, it just wasn't enough. Quite probably nothing more could have been done, save a new session.

The recent Pacific Jazz LP, *Hoagy Sings Carmichael*, has been issued on Jazztone J-1266. Assisted by such as Art Pepper, Harry Edison, Don Fagerquist, Harry Klee, Jimmy Rowles, Ray Linn, Conrad Gozzo, and Nick Fatool, Hoagy wanders through 10 of his tunes, including *Two Sleepy People*; *New Orleans*; *Georgia On My Mind*; *Skylark*; *Ballad in Blue*, and *Lazy River*. Hoagy never has sounded better, and his material is, naturally, fine. Pepper is forceful and impressive throughout.

From Grand Award Records, Jazztone has drawn a package called *Hi-Fi Dixie*, with eight tracks by Will Bradley's Jazz band and four by Ray McKinley's Dixie Six. Bradley's spirited group includes Rex Stewart and Yank Lawson, Bud Freeman, Bill Stegmeyer, Lou Stein, Barry Galbraith, and Trigg Alpert playing such as *Sunday*; *Jada*; *Milneburg Joys*; *I'm Comin'*, *Virginia*, and *Mandy*, *Make Up Your Mind*. McKinley's sextet, including Lee Castle, Peanuts Hucko, Dean Kincaide, and Alpert, contributes *Jeepers Creepers*; *Sugarfoot Stomp*; *Royal Garden Blues*, and *Hard-Hearted Hannah*. Familiar, for the most part, but musically interesting.

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Sound Reading

(Ed. Note: Following is a list of current manufacturer literature in the high fidelity field. If you wish to receive any of it, indicate your choices and mail to Hi-Fi, Down Beat, 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago, 16. Enclose remittance where a price is designated.)

Fisher Radio: *What You Should Know About Hi-Fi*; 6 pp. Free.

Bogen-Presto: *Understanding High Fidelity*, by Louis Biancolli and Lester Bogen; 56 pp. 25 cents. *Enjoy Music as the Masters Played It*, a color catalog of Bogen equipment; 20 pp. Free.

Tandberg: Two two-color brochures describing Tandberg tape recorder and Tandberg loudspeaker system, together with six-page multilithed paper on Tandberg tape recorders. Free.

Pilot: Two two-color brochures describing Pilot high fidelity components and Pilot high fidelity consoles, together with price lists and specifications sheets. Free.

H. S. Hartley: One two-color brochure describing Hartley loudspeaker enclosures and loudspeakers, together with two technical reports on the science of acoustics and the Hartley system. Free.

Fairchild recording: *How Good Is Your Arm?*, a 16-page brochure with graphs, charts, and illustrations, describing the scientific aspects of transcription tone arms. Also *In the Groove*, pamphlet on pickup cartridges. Both for 10 cents.

Rek-O-Kut: *Turntable or Record Changer*, a four-color, eight-page brochure describing the scientific advantages of turntables, together with six-page, three-color brochure containing Rek-O-Kut equipment specifications and prices, plus two three-speed, stroboscopic, turntable speed-test discs. Free.

Eico: Six page, two-color brochure describing features of Eico line of kits (amplifiers, pre-amps and speakers). Free.

my favorite jazz record

(Ed. Note: Following is the ninth prize-winning letter in Down Beat's favorite jazz record contest. The \$10 prize goes to Amy Duncan, Taunton District, Newtown, Conn.)

I am 15 years old and have been an avid modern jazz fan and jazz piano student for 2½ years.

Strangely enough, my favorite jazz record isn't any of the modern, small group sides that make up the greater part of my record library, but instead, an earlier period, big-band recording: *Ellington Uptown*.

This record has created a whole new outlook on jazz for me. It has taken me out of the rut of listening to nothing but progressive, west coast, etc., jazz. Although my main interest still stays with the latter, I am now listening to more Dixieland, swing, and bop.

If I could only convince people who are listening to just one kind of jazz to open their ears to some other form, I think they, too, would see what they had been missing.

high fidelity

COMPOSER-PIANIST Mal Waldron and former trumpeter Frank Martin have been friends since boyhood.

During the last 26 years they have shared similar interests and likes, no matter how far Mal's music has taken him from their Jamaica, N. Y., home ground. They have shared interests in the same church, in music, and in the same circle of old friends.

Today, they share a hi-fi set, which they put together themselves. Frank, now a U.S. postal worker, uses the set largely for pleasure. Mal, in his dual capacity as a pianist-composer and a music director at Prestige Records, uses the rig for his work as well as his pleasure.

The set is in Frank's home, in a corner of the basement playroom. Mal lives just a few blocks away.

"WE BUILT the enclosure together," Frank said. "It's very good, and the plans were easy to follow. We spent about 30 working hours altogether on the cabinet work and the assembly of the amplifier and pre-amp. We even put a frame and some grid cloth on the speaker enclosure to make it a piece of furniture."

An Altec 12-inch coaxial speaker is mounted in a Karlson enclosure.

Mal and Frank agreed that the enclosure is better than the speaker. They have been thinking of adding a 15-inch Jensen speaker, they said.

Their records are spun on a Garrard Model T manual turntable. The cartridge is magnetic and the stylus a diamond. Frank and Mal assembled the 20-watt Heathkit amplifier and pre-amp.

"The Heathkit was a choice we made after talking to some fellows in the field," Frank said. "With that price and its design, we couldn't do any better in the field."

MARTIN AND WALDRON have had their equipment about a year. They put in between 25 and 30 hours a week of record-playing on it. And they haven't had a whit of trouble with any of the parts to date.

"On Saturdays," Mal grinned, "it stays on all night and into the early morning." But in addition to the use for pleasure, Mal puts in plenty of hours of listening with records he's working on for Prestige.

To make the enclosure a piece of furniture, Mal and Frank purchased some veneer and cemented it to the Karlson frame. Then they bought some grid cloth and covered the front of the enclosure. Around the grid cloth they tacked appropriate lengths of picture frame molding. The finished product looks like a high-priced, custom-built piece of equipment and piece of furniture.

IN ADDITION, Frank and Mal have tied in their nearby television set, so the full quality of the sound coming through can be realized.

The set soon may be getting a little less use, though. Mal is engaged to be married, and plans to install a rig of his own as one of the first things when he moves into his new home. As before, Frank undoubtedly will help him put it together.

—dom



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Wherever feedback is a problem, the choice of a directional microphone is virtually automatic. Only the directional pickup pattern can effectively reduce or eliminate feedback. Furthermore this pickup pattern greatly reduces the pickup of distracting random noises. For floor stand usage, the directional microphone, with its ultra-cardioid pickup pattern, provides far greater freedom for the performer. In the moderate price range, the UNIDYNE is the perfect microphone choice among directional microphones. It is a uni-directional dynamic microphone, and it reduces the pickup of random noise energy by 67%. It is the ideal selection for use with fine-quality public address systems, and its high output permits its use even with low gain public address systems and tape recorders. It has a smooth frequency response from 50 to 15,000 cps.

For applications where versatility is important, the omni-directional probe microphone is the recommended choice. A night club performer, for example, who roams around a large area while he performs, would find such a unit more convenient. The SLENDYNE, for example, can be used in the hand, on a floor or desk stand, or worn around the neck, and can easily be changed—in seconds—from one application to another. Its unobtrusive design permits it to be held close, yet it remains in the background, leaving the spotlight to the performer. It offers a choice of impedance, an optional on-off switch, and a frequency range from 60 to 13,500 cps.

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tape recordings

By Jack Tracy

A NEAR-PERFECT example of the difference between monaural and stereophonic recordings of the same performance can be heard on RCA Victor's *Lena Horne at the Waldorf Astoria*. Recorded during her shows last February at the hotel, Lena is in magnificent form as she sizzles, slithers, and flares her nostrils over such as *Honey-suckle Rose*, *I Love to Love*, *New Fangled Tango*, *Mood Indigo*, and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*. But listen, if you can, to first the LP (LOC 1028), then the stereo tape (CPS 71). On the latter, her voice takes on added vibrancy and sensuality, George Duviol's impeccable bass work gains added bottom and sheen, and even the audience response is more exciting. You are virtually thrown into the center of the performance. It's quite an experience. Recording job is superb.

As much cannot be said, unfortunately, for two jazz tapes issued by Concert Hall Society. No amount of dial-twisting and speaker-adjusting could overcome the atrocious balance they got on *Down the Middle* by Jimmy McPartland (CHJT/BN-13) and *Barrelhouse and Blues* by Sam Price (CHT/BN-16). With Jimmy were wife Marian, piano; Bill Stegmeyer, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Milt Hinton, bass, and Joe Morello, drums, an impressive lineup indeed.

Soloists and ensembles, however, are almost obscured by the overrecorded drums splashing out of the right speaker and the overrecorded piano on the left. Too bad, too, because the band apparently was playing well on such as *McBlues*, *Kerry Dancers*, *Swanee River*, and *Decidedly Blues*.

SAM PRICE got the same, bad recording break. Despite the presence of the leader on piano; Dickenson, trombone; Jonah Jones, trumpet; Pete Brown, alto sax; Hinton, bass, and Cozy Cole, drums, it's all pretty much a mishmash of sounds.

Concert Hall made no such error on their binaural reel featuring pianist Philippe Entremont playing *Rhapsody in Blue* and the Netherlands Philharmonic orchestra under Walter Goehr playing Ravel's *Bolero*. The sound is lovely, the performances excellent. Even tired warhorses such as these get a big lift from stereo recording. You'll enjoy this one.

Skitch Henderson's orchestra plays *Sketches By Skitch* on another Victor stereo session recently released (CPS-69). Lush sounds predominate, sometimes cloyingly so, but there are some good moments. Always welcome are such Ellington works as *In a Sentimental Mood* and *Mood Indigo*, which Henderson handles gently here.

Down Beat

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JOSH WHITE and **Norene Tate** come back-to-back on Elektra's monaural taping of them in separate sessions (EL 7-6). White's nine tunes include *Midnight Special*, *Gloomy Sunday*, *Prison Bound Blues*, and an exceedingly effective *Miss Otis Regrets*. Backing his voice and guitar are bassist **Al Hall** and drummer **Sonny Greer**.

The same two gentlemen, plus pianist **Isaac Royal**, assist **Miss Tate** as she gives New York East Side treatment to *Tenderly*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Come By Sunday*, *I Was Doing All Right*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, and *Every Now and Then*, and a half-dozen others. She has been singing in New York clubs for some 20 years now, and there are few better in her class, other graduates of which include **Mabel Mercer**, **Ethel Waters**, and comparative newcomer **Sylvia Syms**. You get a lot for your money on this tape.

(Ed. Note: All tapes are reviewed on the Ampex 612 tape phonograph, utilizing two Ampex 620 speakers.)

Wiener

(Continued from Page 22)

don't contemplate changing the present studio layout."

Wiener is seriously concerned with the future of stereo recording, but he refuses to view it as a trick effect or gimmick. He elaborates:

"I don't like the gimmick effect so often obtained on stereo, those definitely split systems, with the horns here and the rhythm section there. I'm going to strive for actual, full-dimensional sound.

"Stereo will lose its allure as a gimmick in time, but it has validity. Eventually, I feel, it will replace most of today's big-band recordings. It seems to me that its effect is limited in small-group recording, but it is extremely effective with large orchestras, where there is genuine depth to be achieved."

CURRENTLY, WIENER is recording all the Chess-Checker-Argo sides. Recently, he cut two sides for Atlantic. He has several independent sessions lined up.

"Right now, I'm doing most of the work myself," he says. "For example, I engineered the entire Atlantic session, from start to finish."

Fortunately, Wiener is fond of music and says he likes jazz and big-band swing. He also enjoys modern classics and is fond of Wagner and Richard Strauss. "Also musical comedy," he says, "and I think **Eydie Gorme** is the finest."

Although business is progressing quite favorably, Wiener expresses an interest in hearing from other engineers and a&r men, with comments on the sides he's cut.

Amid the array of equipment at Sheldon, Wiener sits comfortably, assured that he has made a bright beginning at an early age.

—gold

"Musically and mechanically, they are wonderful!"

Jimmie Burke reports on his Buescher "400" cornet and trumpet

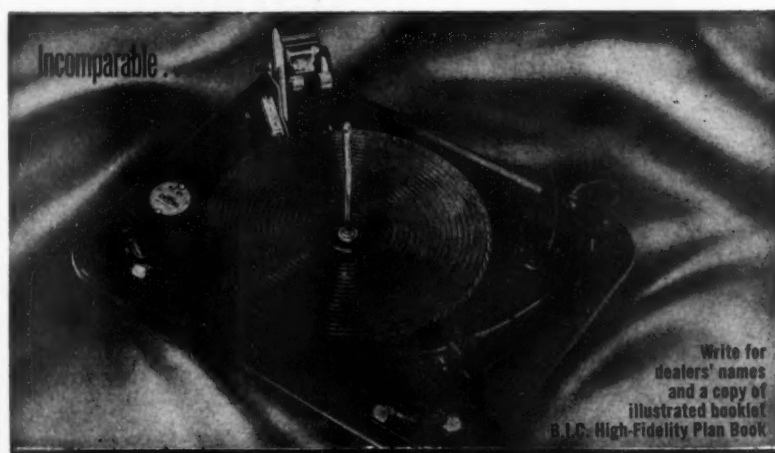
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classic modern

By Ray Ellsworth

IF AMERICA IS EVER going to have musicians of the stature of the central European giants whose long, deep shadows so thoroughly have dwarfed everyone even unto this our own bright day, and have them on musical terms that are solidly of our own time and place, it is a good bet that Elliott Carter will be among them.

Carter, at 48, is emerging from the mass of contemporary talents of high promise to cast a shadow of his own that is encouragingly rugged in outline and full of depth.

Originally identified with what has been called "the Parisian-Stravinskian wing of American composition" (which perhaps his preparation—at Harvard University and study with Walter Piston and Nadia Boulanger, among oth-



ers—made inevitable), his work from about 1945 onward has displayed a surprising power of individual utterance and has increased in range and stature with impressive consistency since.

It is not only as a composer that Carter must be reckoned with. He deserves attention as a musical thinker of considerable originality. I am not equipped to deal with this aspect of his work in this small space. But Carter has been written about extensively in the quarterlies and it is to such publications I refer the interested reader.

IN PARTICULAR would I suggest Richard Franko Goldman's *The Music of Elliott Carter* in the April, 1957, *Musical Quarterly* as the clearest presentation of this composer's achievements so far.

One aspect of Carter's music, however, might be of particular interest to the serious jazz musician concerned over the problem of the beat.

This is his development and use of the principal of "metrical modulation,"

which Goldman describes concisely as "a means of going smoothly . . . from one absolute metronomic speed to another by lengthening or shortening the value of the basic note unit . . . change, not of tempo, but of relative note-lengths . . ."

The two compositions wherein Carter makes fullest use of this device are his *Sonata for Cello and Piano* (1948), recorded on American Recording Society LP-25, with Anthony Makas, piano, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello, and his 1951 *String Quartet*, recorded on Columbia ML-5104 by the Walden String quartet.

JUST WHAT IDEAS a jazzman might turn up for his own use from listening to these works, I wouldn't know. But both of these compositions are germinal works that are going to be of interest and value to a great many persons in years to come and seem to me worth looking into.

Goldman says, "The technique gives . . . a subtlety of motion that is extraordinary and fascinating."

The *String Quartet* is the most complex, involving as it does "a texture in which nonsimultaneous changes of speed (the metrical modulations) in the four instruments becomes the essence of the contrapuntal texture . . . superimposed on the usual devices of polyrhythm and cross-accent." Neither of these pieces are home listening for the average music lover.

Carter's absorption here in rhythms and their management is not a wayside stop into novelty but a central part of his total musical philosophy. He is as rhythm conscious as any jazz musician.

The particular problem of combining words and music has received from him a great deal of thoughtful, searching attention.

At Harvard he majored in English and has studied carefully the English madrigal school, French chansons, and Greek prosody in the original. Carter taught Greek at St. John's college in Annapolis, Md. All of these speech-rhythm seeds ideas have influenced his music in one way or another, even his orchestral music.

This awareness of language in our English-dominated culture, where the word has been of such paramount communicative importance for centuries, may be the source of Carter's extraordinary power. A large portion of his work consists of choral music, and his settings of poems by Robert Frost, Whitman, and Hart Crane, among others, have been unusually effective.

IT IS NOT possible to be completely fair to so complex a musician in a few words such as this. Carter's music, even more than most composers', escapes word limits and demands hearing. But attention should be drawn to a man among us of his imposing stature and promise of development.

Not all of his work has been of such imposing difficulty. His *Holiday Overture*, for instance, is almost frisky. But such lighter moments have not yet been recorded.

Sort of in between is the suite from his ballet *The Minotaur* (1947), a beautiful and moving stage work and a most attractive concert piece, difficulties and all. Howard Hanson and the Eastman-Symphony Orchestra has recorded this for Mercury (MG 50103), and the performance is superb.



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the blindfold test

More Green

By Leonard Feather

There are few men in Hollywood who can boast a background of musical and academic achievement comparable to Johnny Green's. This astonishing personality, who entered Harvard University at the age of 14, wound up with an A.B. in economics and spent a couple of years on Wall St. before entering music full time, has risen to the peak of Hollywood achievement, Academy award Oscar and all.

In addition to his work as chief music director at M-G-M, he also has been active as chairman of the music branch of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, secretary of the Motion Picture Academy, and in many other capacities as well.

The *Blindfold Test* in the last issue featured Green's comments on some versions of his own compositions, all records that were unfamiliar to him. The rest of the interview appears below. He was given no information either before or during the test about the records played.



The Records

1. Jazz at Storyville, *Coquette* (Savoy). Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Ruby Braff, trumpet; Ephie Resnick, trombone; Red Richards, piano; Kenny John, drums.

I was going to ask you whether this had been recorded in a shoe box or how or where. Then I heard the applause at the end which indicates it was recorded at a concert, which means obviously under somewhat less than ideal recording conditions.

Our ears have been so accustomed to something resembling high fidelity that a record like this starts off at a disadvantage acoustically. Setting that aside, I get an occasional big kick out of Dixieland when it's good Dixieland.

I think this starts out better than it finishes. The trumpet player, whoever he is, is the star of this group and way out in front of the others. The second half of the piano chorus for some reason bears no resemblance to the quality of the first half. The first half is dull, and I don't think good at all, and then until the end of the chorus it is quite good.

The trombone playing was fair, and the clarinet playing mediocre. The record starts out attractively from my point of view. The drum riff at the end was better than I expected from the drumming on the rest of the record, which I thought was kind of dull. I would give this record somewhere around two-plus.

2. Swedes from Jazzville, *Coquette* (Epic). Ove Lind, clarinet.

I like this record. When you started the record and I heard an arrangement and everybody playing what was written, I thought you were slumming for a minute. I particularly liked the clarinet playing in the record—all the solo work, as a matter of fact. I thought at the beginning I knew the record and then realized I didn't.

My vanity rears its ugly head and I find myself prejudiced in favor of the record because it starts out playing the song that I wrote with Carmen Lombardo (if you'll permit me to say so). You know, I could damn myself forever with all your readers by telling you that I wrote this song when I

was an arranger with the original Lombardo band. That's how Carmen and I happen to be listed as collaborators in the melodic end of this tune. I was with the Lombardo band in Cleveland in 1927—the summer between my junior and senior years in college. That's how I spent my vacation—making a big hunk of the original Lombardo book—but I had nothing to do with the style.

I like this record. It's inventive in the ad lib choruses. I don't think it's particularly unusual and can't get a high rating for being an important contribution to jazz literature, but it's pleasant. If this group were playing in a restaurant where the food was passable, I'd go. I'd rate this—for its kind—three-minus.

3. Coleman Hawkins, *I'm Yours* (Capitol). Glenn Osser, arranger, conductor.

Well, this record is right up my taste alley, which probably damns it thoroughly. But I love it for a lot of reasons. In the first place, I want to use a word about it that I haven't used in the rest of this session with you today. I think *intent* is a very, very important key word. What is the intent of a tune—harmonically, rhythmically, melodically, and emotionally. I think that good improvisation depends on a sense of the intent of the original. When that is lacking...

I often say to my jazz colleagues: "Why pick on my tune to destroy? Make yourself a harmonic pattern and do it." When I wrote *I'm Yours*, I didn't write it with this in mind, but I'm sure that somewhere in my subconscious I must have felt that when this tune is improvised on by a tenor sax it should sound like this.

Also, I have great admiration for other things in this record. In the place where there is chordal counterpoint between the piano and sax it's terribly attractive. I know you want me to guess who this is, but I'm a big coward. He reminds me of Coleman Hawkins. I'd rate this four-plus.

4. Billie Holiday, *I'm Yours* (Jazztone). Eddie Heywood orchestra. Recorded, 1944.

Well, you see I've got another sweetheart here. I like this record very

much. It obviously is a very old record. I think that the vocalist deserves a far better accompaniment than is present here, and I'm not talking recording-wise but music-wise. Vocally, it's wonderful, and the liberties that are taken are within the intent of the melody and the harmony. They're attractive, provocative and infectious. The intonation is impeccable.

Frequently in this type of improvisation one hears notes that are out of tune, but not in this situation. This is a first-rate performance.

I got a little piqued at one thing which I consider a little unnecessary improvisation in the lyrics. You know, I believe a lyric is the heart of a song. Yip Harburg, with whom I wrote this, is a pretty good lyric writer. He wrote "Couldn't tell you though I try, dear—just why, dear, I'm yours." She left out the second "dear." Yet it was perfectly possible to sing his lyrics.

I think I might give this record a five except for the accompaniment and the unnecessary improvisation in the lyrics. I should know who this is, but I won't try to guess. I think I'll give it a four.

5. Art Tatum-Buddy DeFranco, *You're Mine You* (ARS).

This is obviously the late and great master, and I'm proud to say, former (when he was alive) good friend of mine—Art Tatum. I've never heard this record before, and I'm just sick that I haven't heard it and owned it, because it's just great.

From the very first statement of the first few bars—the little chromatic trick employed in the harmony on that first long, sustained note of the tune is so attractive. Leonard, lest you ever get the impression that I feel it's got to be the way I wrote it to be good, that isn't the point. It's got to be *better* than what I wrote. And this is!

Nobody has the taste, combined with the inventive genius that Tatum has, and as far as the clarinet playing in this is concerned—it's top-drawer. I know who it is, and I can't put my finger on it, but I just love it. This record is five stars without any question, and the awful thing is that Tatum isn't here to make any more like it.

radio and tv

By Will Jones

I AM BUFFALOED by the sheer gall of the ABC network in presenting *American Bandstand*.

Not only have they taken a modest television disc jockey show and elevated it to network status; they have given it 90 minutes of network time every week day.



Every town with TV probably has had a variation of this show at one time or another.

What does *American Bandstand* have that the others haven't?

I wouldn't even bother to explore the question except that I am easily impressed. I am impressed, for instance, by 90 minutes of network time daily. This, plus the word that the show has been a smash hit for some years in Philadelphia, where it originates, and where it has been seen for 150 minutes a day.

So I have wrestled with myself, and meditated, and tried to see in the show whatever it was that persuaded ABC executives it would be fascinating to the whole country.

American Bandstand consists, mostly, of views of a bunch of high school kids dancing to records. The day I watched they danced to Ricky Nelson's *My One and Only Love*, and Debbie Reynolds' *Tammy*, and Gene Vincent's *A Lotta Lovin'*, and Julius LaRosa's *Worlds*

Apart, and Elvis Presley's *Teddy Bear*, and Fats Domino's *Whut Will Uh Tell Muh Hort*, and Ferlin Husky's *Fallen Star*, and on and on like that.

THE EMCEE, Dick Clark, interviewed a couple of the teenagers who appeared to be regulars in the studio, and who had got some fun mail. He asked them exciting questions like what was their age, and what was their height, and what was the color of their eyes. He said he didn't want to be impertinent, but he had had a letter, and so he asked the boy, whose name was Bob, "do you bleach your hair?" Bob said he didn't.

The big guest star of the day was Frankie Lyman, who mouthed the words to *Goody, Goody*, was interviewed, and signed autographs. Nothing about the Lyman interlude had the obvious stamp of Network Stuff on it.

So why *American Bandstand*?

Has a major TV network decided to compete with all the Top-40 radio stations around the country by using the same records they're using? I don't think so.

THE ABC NETWORK is staking 90 minutes a day on a very old pastime—People Watching. Not actor watching. Not people-answering-quiz-questions watching. Just plain People Watching.

My own experience with organized People Watching goes back to the depression. "Let's go downtown and watch the people," my mother would say of an evening. So we'd drive downtown and park and sit in the car and watch the people.

There was a ballroom variation of People Watching. We knew a guy who gave us passes to his ballroom, so we'd

go and sit and People Watch in the ballroom. I don't remember that any of us ever danced.

It's been a long time since I've heard anybody say, by way of suggesting an evening's entertainment, "Let's go downtown and watch the people."

Now we have this refined version of the ballroom variation of People Watching right at our fingertips. We just flip on the set and there is a collection of total strangers, an assortment of strange faces and strange fannies, swaying and jumping back and forth on the screen. It's not an evening's entertainment—the channels are loaded with other, richer entertainment in the evening—but a major network thinks there are enough people addicted to People Watching that it's worth 90 minutes in the afternoon.

THIS FORM of People Watching isn't without its limitations. The People Watchers at home have to depend upon the people-watching skill of the camera director of *American Bandstand*. And he's a specialist among People Watchers. He's a girl watcher. When he selected the faces for close-ups on the day I watched, he invariably selected girls.

The afternoon I People Watched with *American Bandstand*, I noticed one fascinating, unlearned response common to all the dancing girls: The moment one became aware that the camera was on her, she grabbed the guy she was dancing with just a little tighter.

There, I've tried to explain *American Bandstand* to myself, and at least I've come up with a good guess. Somebody Up There at ABC is an old People Watcher.

(Will Jones' column, *After Last Night*, appears daily in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.)

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Ruby Braff Sextet

Personnel: Braff, trumpet and leader; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Walter Page, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums; Nat Pierce, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar.

Reviewed: Two sets, opening night at the Village Vanguard, New York.

Musical Evaluation: Although this is but three-quarters of Ruby's octet which caused such a favorable stir at Newport (trombonist Benny Morton and tenor man Sam Margolis were not on this date), the same uncluttered happiness prevails. Ruby is the type of leader who charts a course and lets the music carry the group along. He is also a witty, often very funny, master of ceremonies. As a result, the genuine happy feeling remains between numbers, and the sextet's sets have a goodnatured unity.

Russell, a persuasive statesman on the clarinet, was in excellent form. His solos were soft edged, thoughtful, often humorous, and always urbane. Donaldson, his smile lighting up the back part of the stage, kept things moving, while the disciples of Basie gave the horns a supple base on which to build.

Pierce's piano was tasty on solos and gutty behind other soloists. Page added his vigorous sound, in solo and ensemble work, to the proceedings. And Jordan proved what Ruby long has maintained: nothing, but nothing, can take the place of a good rhythm guitar man in the section.

Ruby perhaps felt Wallerish on one set, because the group opened with *Crazy 'Bout My Baby*, and followed with *Blue Turning Gray Over You*. Then he went into *Just You, Just Me*. The treatment by all concerned was simple and swinging. Ruby called the solo shots, and played some glowing open horn. On *Old Folks*, however, he blew muted, and with a delicacy that complemented perfectly the mood of the piece. Later on, the group played *It's Wonderful* ("Not 'S Wonderful," Ruby explained), and Braff's horn sang. The tune itself, a lovely ballad, should be heard oftener.

Attitude of Performers: Although it was opening night, there was a noticeable lack of jitters onstand. These men, all pros, looked acted, and played like men who earn their living creating happy music.

Audience Reaction: Very warm, particularly for Pee Wee, whose solos terminated with appreciative applause. There were no cries for *Saints*. Although colleague Jean Hoffman, whose trio shared the stage, inadvertently introduced the group as a Dixieland sextet, the sounds were rooted more west than south — west, say, like Kansas City.

Commercial Potential: There's no doubt in my mind that this group, and the octet, will make it in any location. The music is excellent. The musicians are happy with their lot. And the feeling of professional competence communicates to the audience.

There was no panic, for instance, when Donaldson dropped a drumstick during one number. He simply kept

playing with one stick, and added a few flourishes with his fingers when he thought they were needed.

Summary: The octet is set to open the new club, Jazz City, in Manhattan, and it will stay together at least that long. If more bookings are secured, it quite probably will remain a unit as long as there is a demand.

Considering the quality of the music and the genuine happiness created, there is more than a demand for this group. There is a definite need.

—dom

Jackie Paris

Personnel: Singer Jackie Paris, backed by Ronnell Bright, piano; Addison Farmer, bass, and Kalil Madi, drums.

Reviewed: Opening night of a two-week engagement at the Sutherland hotel lounge, Chicago.

Musical Evaluation: While the faceless, talentless horde of male singers envelops the record world, night club stages, and television screens, an able, creative singer like Paris has difficulty obtaining a decent booking. This booking was his first since his too-brief appearance at the Newport Jazz festival in early July. This is a pitiful commentary on the state of popular singing in America.

You see them everywhere — these singers who have found financial success through a bellow, a shriek, a cultivated tic, or a well-placed friend. You can't avoid them, however diligently you attempt to do so.

And for nine months Jackie Paris has been a messenger for a New York newspaper. He's grateful for that job and for his good health. But he deserves better.

In his first appearance in Chicago in more than four years, Paris was greeted by a basically sympathetic audience. The excellent array of tunes he performed opening night included *There'll Never Be Another You*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *'Tis Autumn*; *September Song*; *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*; *Back Home Again in Indiana*; *Stardust*; *Sweet Lorraine*, and *Walkin'*.

He communicates warmly on stand. He has the ability to make phrases living objects, rather than recited words. He possesses a fine sense of time. Lyrics make sense to him, and he makes sense in singing them. His repertoire is well balanced and meaningful. Above all, whether in wordless passages or lyric interpretation, he communicates sincerely and effectively. He swings vibrantly on up tunes and makes a fine ballad even finer.

Audience Reaction: The Sutherland lounge can be an annoyingly noisy place in which to perform. On Paris' opening night, the small club was approximately two-thirds full. Many of those present conversed incessantly during his sets. This is a problem other performers at the club have faced, too. However, Paris managed to attract substantial applause. When he was off stand, several members of the audience made a point

of telling him how much they enjoyed his performance. The club manager, too, was quite pleased with Paris' presentation.

Attitude of Performer: After 13 years in the business, Paris is a frustrated singer. He has approached stardom but never grasped it. He has received some trade recognition but hasn't been able to attain popular acclaim. Nevertheless, he attempts to remain an optimist, grateful for small favors and hopeful for larger ones. He has one logical demand: he wants to work as a singer.

Commercial Potential: Paris never has been recorded as effectively as he could be. He deserves a fine LP, with backing as creatively inspired as he is. His singing, I feel, has a large potential market. He could be an impressive radio and television performer. Above all, he deserves steady club bookings in all parts of the country, so that audiences throughout the country could share in establishing general recognition of his ability.

Summary: Jackie Paris has much to offer an audience if given the opportunity. His appearance here indicates that he continues to be one of the most persuasive singers in the field.

Working with a group as capable as Bright's trio, he can be a worthwhile addition to any club's booking schedule. His talent is a proved commodity. As a result, now is the time for all wise club owners to come to his aid. He deserves to be heard.

—gold

Jazz Night Hollywood Bowl

Homo Californian, having grown supinely accustomed to a surfeit of many of the Better Things in Life, has pretty well established that only a blazoning of the brightest names will lure him en masse these days to a Hollywood jazz concert. The spoiled, circus-seeking concertgoer, moreover, will likely cock a snoot at a bash if a top big band is not on the bill.

For the Hollywood Bowl's third annual *Jazz Night*, Norman Granz offered a roster of talent that embraced some of the country's best known instrumentals and small combos, plus June Christy and the surprise appearance of Jimmy Rushing, yet the draw totaled only 11,500 patrons, a considerable decline in attendance from the two previous years.

The concert began with much the same formula as a run-of-the-mill JATP event, with an opening "jam session" lineup of Lester Young and Ben Webster, tenors; Harry Edison, trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass, and Louie Bellson, drums—a group which sauntered in pedestrian fashion through an up-tempo blues and ballad medley.

THE ONLY MOVING ballad was played by Webster as he roughly fondled *Someone to Watch Over Me* with a virile tenderness of which only he seems capable.

Over-all, Young's playing was a sickly disappointment, only shadowily suggesting his greatness. With the emergence of Rushing, however, Prez came alive. When the portly singer rocked into his second tune with the jam group, *Goin' to Chicago*, Lester played the blues as though he meant it,

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as if he were swinging for Jimmy alone.

Rushing, matter of fact, seemed to galvanize the entire group so that when he bowed off, the boys had just begun to hit a promising groove behind the singer in the closing blues that wound up their set.

After the usual elongated introductory speech (and a false start) Gerry Mulligan led his three confreres (Bob Brookmeyer, Joe Benjamin, and Dave Bailey) into a rapidly moving *Come Out, Wherever You Are*.

Brookmeyer and the leader soloed well throughout the set of five tunes, closing with the quartet's theme, *Utter Chaos*. The excellent rhythm team of bassist Benjamin and drummer Bailey worked with a constantly nudging pulse born of admirable musical compatibility.

AFTER INTERMISSION, the Peterson trio opened with a leaping *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Throughout their set, this combo consistently demonstrated its astounding unity, suggesting at times some high-voltage thought transference whipping among the players. Peterson, Ellis, and Brown may well have reached their performance peak as a music unit, though the cavernous bowl is possibly the least advantageous showplace for this essentially intimate threesome.

The most exciting set of the evening, however, was to follow, with Stan Getz leading Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Stan Levey, drums, through a quintet of tunes that built with mounting tension from the opening *Time after Time* to the final *Shine*.

Whether by coincidence or design one of the ballads chosen by Getz was *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, which also happened to be the choice of Lester Young earlier in the program. If comparison here is in order, let it be noted that Getz' rendition, in conception and execution, was vastly superior to Young's. But it was a little saddening, and not quite fair, for the pupil so publicly to humiliate the onetime master.

A WHITE-SHEATHED June Christy romped eagerly into *I Want to Be Happy*, followed with what may have been a take-off on Anita O'Day in *Gypsy in My Soul*, then goofed badly in *That's All* by apparently forgetting the lyric at the beginning of the bridge. An embarrassing pause followed, and 11,500 persons seemed to exhale with relief as she resumed, but June appeared ill at ease throughout the rest of her set. To compound the fracture, she stayed on too long. This was the last act, and part of the audience began to drift toward the exits before Miss Christy had finished.

With all the performers reassembled onstage, June plunged into a hectic *How High the Moon*, withdrew after her vocal to allow a series of routine solos by Mulligan, Webster, Edison, Brookmeyer, Young, her accompanist Benny Aronoff, and Bellson. Unfortunately wires got crossed, and while June went into the out vocal chorus, Bellson was still thundering away unaware that his show was over.

The entire program, goofs and all, was recorded by Granz in stereophonic sound.

—tyan

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Jimmy Giuffre

(Continued from Page 13)

tually playing like a whole bunch of
guys."

SOME OF JIMMY'S musical think-
ing also stems from folk music and the
blues. He said:

"Now, we've established contact with
the whole blues field. I don't quite know
what that is, but we are getting to play
with that feeling. We have that feeling
of the old blues and the folk music.

"A lot of people are stuck with a
modern feeling. If they're stuck with it,
I think that's limiting. I feel we
have to relax and come down to earth,
lose this phony thing. I think that's
why folk music has appeal: It's simple
and plain. That's why Bartok's music
is so great. It's folk music and counter-
point combined. That's what I'm striv-
ing for, I guess. We have counterpoint,
and the music is straightforward. We
don't apply any cliches or impressions
or wild ideas. It becomes a more per-
sonal kind of music."

Nesuhi Ertegun, who records the
Giuffre 3 for Atlantic Records, admits
he's amazed by Giuffre.

"I know the things he has heard and
hasn't," Ertegun said. "For instance,
there are so many early things—blues
and spirituals, things like that—which
Jimmy hasn't heard. But still, he gets
at those roots by instinct.

"He gets at the heart of the subject
by some sort of inner spontaneity. He
goes straight to folk and blues without
knowing about them.

"I think Jimmy Giuffre is one of the
greatest American composers today.
And not just in jazz but in the field
of music. He may even be the greatest
if he develops, and he has been devel-
oping all along.

"To work with this man is something
unique. When we made the *Jimmy
Giuffre 3* album on the west coast, two
days before the session Jimmy gave me
a 14-page longhand report on the en-
tire album. It had never happened to
me before.

"He had it broken down, number by
number, with the timing to the approx-
imate second, all the information on
publishers, composers... all of that.
He put down certain things to look for,
what kind of sound they hoped to get.
He even made suggestions on mike
placement.

"Giuffre prepares for a record ses-
sion the way Horowitz prepares for a
recital. He knows he will be judged by
this, and he does everything possible
to make the judgment favorable."

ERTEGUN, TOO, has noticed the
way the group plays together and lives
together. He feels it strengthens their
music, saying:

"There is a sense of dedication in
that trio that is unbelievable. They
are so sure Jimmy Giuffre has some-
thing important to say, and they have
a part in it, that they work harder than
anyone I can recall.

"What sustains them is the music.
I'm sure of this. When they aren't



Kings in action photo by Paul Schaeffer

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working, they're rehearsing. When they have finished a session or a rehearsal, they talk about it. They never really get away from what they're doing."

The trio has been together since last October. In that time it has played some locations in Los Angeles, some concerts, then worked eastward for appearances in New York City, the Newport Jazz festival, and the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass. In a neat Volkswagen Mikrobüs, they traveled from coast to coast.

Jimmy observed the land, the people, and the feel of the country as they traveled from state to state. Some of his observations will be translated into music for the group. It will be music

out of the land, with the feel of Giuffre's visual impressions in it.

A LOT OF HIS music feelings come from the work he has done, and is still doing, with his horns.

"Dr. LaViolette is a great teacher," he added. "He helped me break down a lot of the inhibitions I've had. He made me realize I could do things my own way. The clarinet helped, too. There was only one way I could play it, in the middle and low registers. My lip's just not ready to play in the higher register. I don't know if I can do it. I think I can, but we'll see.

"As I began to play the way I felt, it became comfortable. I could hear those voices saying I must play the

other way. But it felt so good, I said, 'The hell with it.' It has reached the point where a lot of the music ideas I have might be considered old-fashioned or bluesy. I used to wonder, 'What will the cats think? What will Miles think? What will Getz think?' And Stan is miles ahead of me in technique. But something strange happened. I began to hear it in the music of the Modern Jazz Quartet, Horace Silver, in Gerry Mulligan, in the Getz group with Bobby Brookmeyer.

"They were playing with this mood of the old-time blues. It has a fresh new way about it. It sounds like a modern man playing with the old blues feel."

JIMMY'S DISTILLATION of his tone on the reed instruments he plays—the clarinet, tenor, and baritone—often startles listeners on first hearing. The clarinet has a true woody sound, almost as if it were a pipe or a wind-blown wood instrument. The tenor has a soft, pure sound. The baritone is hoarse, but never rasping or aggressive.

Because he uses such stiff reeds, Jimmy often sounds breathy on the horns. This is among the reasons he and the group are sensitive to the balance in any location they appear.

In recording, they work with one mike. There is never any need to adjust the controls, once they start to play. They set their own sound level and sustain it. They make use of dynamics for dramatic, often poetic effects.

Giuffre is cautious and concerned about his horns.

"If you've got a bad reed, you can think you've got the wrong instrument," he said, "You can feel like you never should have taken up the sax.

"My reeds are stiff, but the sound is the thing. If it is not a pleasing sound, you can't play music. If my sound is unpleasant, I'm dead. A stiff reed gives a heavier, meatier sound.

"My sound has gone from harsh to soft. It feels better. It's got to sound good to me. You may think it sounds good, and it doesn't, but you still have to go with the way it feels. If you get the sound that you like, man, you can begin to play some music.

"If you're not getting a sound you like, and you're sensitive to sound, you might as well go home. You're not going to play any music.

"The only reason I'm in music is I like sounds. What I'm doing is a way to be in music. I couldn't do it just writing or being in someone's group. The only way is with my own group.

"And with our own sound."

(This is the first of three articles.)

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10 O'Clock Scholar

New York—A representative of *Reader's Digest* called the New York office of *Down Beat* for help in getting in touch with four musicians who had to be found immediately.

They were Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Bunk Johnson, and Kid Ory.

Ory we put her onto.

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perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

THE VICTORY of Philly Joe Jones as
New Star drummer in the Critics Poll
must be more than usually heart-warm-
ing to him as a musician. When a man
is an innovator, or whatever level, or
to whatever degree his innovations may



or may not affect
others, he is inclined
to accept a consent
decree denying his
work recognition.

Philly Joe was
hard put to it to
believe he had won
the poll until he was
actually shown the
printed results. And
it's no wonder. He
has had considerable
criticism from many
quarters, including musicians and on
occasion from this department. He has
also had considerable praise which has
developed almost as fervent a note as
that of any jazz pioneer.

The initial difficulty Jones has faced
in in-person appearances when he first
was with Miles Davis' group, was that
the listener was there primarily to
listen to Miles; secondarily to listen
to the group. In this situation, the
listener resented anything which com-
peted for his attention against Miles.
And on records, the incredible pulse
that Philly Joe carries in every limb
of his body (photographing him is a
real problem, incidentally, because there
is never a moment when at least one
part of his body is not moving) does
not come through as it does in person.
It is there, of course, but obscured by
other things; sublimated to the group
and not as strident in its tone.

RECENTLY I had the unparalleled
delight of listening to him for almost
a full week with the Chet Baker quin-
tet, and it was an inexpressable gas.
To begin with, he is now working on
a softer sound (oh, how I would love
to hear him right now with Miles' new
group) and in the course of these
evenings he played things with the
brushes I have not heard since James
Crawford and Cozy Cole's heyday.
Double figure eights at fast tempos and
then doubled up, for instance.

But these things are, basically, tricks,
and some of Joe's tricks are phenomenal
—such as his ability to play with only
the baas drum and the sock cymbal
and give the illusion of using his hands.
I had to look twice to believe they were
really folded under his arms.

But what is tremendously important
about Philly Joe is that he has accepted
the challenge to take the drums out
where they are restricted from going
by the big band concept, which has
hung most combo drummers. Since he
is a musical drummer, a reader and a
writer of music (and a pianist as
well), he thinks in less stereotyped
terms than is usual. He organizes the
rhythm section so that it feeds pre-
arranged figures behind the soloists;
he plays solos which are voiced in the
rhythmic structure of melody, phrasing
like a horn and not merely playing
measures.

HE THINKS of the words of a bal-
lad when he is playing it, and it is

in the
OLDS
spotlight!

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exciting to follow his playing with this in mind. He likes to play ballads slowly and beautifully and thinks that if a soloist will play melodically, and not merely run up and down showing off his prowess, the drummer can help considerably.

What allows him freedom to do these things with apparent ease, is the fact that his pulse is deep, warm, and constantly flowing. It's depth alone is impressive. It is in his whole body, in his mind, and not merely in one portion of it. Thus he can articulate in any direction at any time and is not locked in any pattern. He can throw it around like a ball from hand to hand to foot to foot. He played one night the whole melody of *Dear Old Stockholm* when the soloist was 'way up in some Scandinavian mountain.

He is anxious, it seems, to develop further as a drummer. It seems to me that if he accomplishes his desire to play softer; if he resists the temptation, so to speak, to fill up the balloon with air merely because the vacuum is there, and instead combines his own marvelous equipment and musical concept of the rhythmic aspect of melody with the tonal concept which Max Roach has indicated in his solos, drumming will take a giant step forward.

Like all drummers, he is at the mercy of the soloist to a great degree, and, when they take five choruses too many they all—including the drummer—suffer. But in the right surroundings, with the right approach, something really astonishing can be expected. I hope most sincerely that he brings it off. We will all be grateful.

barry ulanov

IT IS REMARKABLE—and wonderful—how much one imaginative musician can accomplish. Because of the performances on clarinet of a converted saxophonist, that central instrument of jazz



finally may be due for its long-delayed, long-needed revival.

I'm speaking of Jimmy Giuffre, of course, and the sensitive investigation of the clarinet he has been conducting these last couple of seasons on and off records. He has demonstrated, beyond argument, it seems to

me, that this is a horn that belongs in the most advanced circles, among the most far-out sounds.

He has shown, simply and without any unpleasant shock tactics, that as always it fits, fits moods, modes, every sort of jazz structure from the most elementary blues frame to the most complex polytonal or (so-called) atonal edifice.

IT ALWAYS HAS been thus. The clarinet reaches back to the first days of this music, not only for a place among the premier instruments of jazz but for prime performers as well. One may not find the sounds of the early clarinetists among the most pleasing, but there is no denying that great beauty comes into jazz with the mature, reflective playing of Jimmie Noone, stays in it right through the swing era, with Benny and Artie and Buster and

Jimmy and dozens of others, and then disappears. Beauty doesn't depart, not this particular kind, the clarinet kind, the soft, sensitive, musing kind that Noone brought to its first high point of development.

The clarinet was no vital part of bop and, surprisingly really, not even a small comb of foam in the cool wave. You heard it now and then. A few talented musicians kept their clarinet embouchures watered. But this was not yesterday's horn of plenty, and it looked to be fairly lean for today's jazz, too. Then came Giuffre.

Jimmy has found an audience not altogether unprepared for the clarinet. Tony Scott's artfully rounded ballads have helped remind many in recent years that this is a soulful instrument, from subtone right up to flute notes.

AND JOHN LA PORTA, typically without fuss or bother of any kind, has been showing audiences, pupils, kids in the Farmingdale high school band, a couple of critics or so, anybody who would listen attentively, that this is still one of jazz's glories, this horn of the first line, the clarinet.

What Jimmy has added to all of this is range. No more notes above or below anybody's register. Just fields in which to wander or rest at ease, joining the single-line formulations of a late-night meditation, without accompaniment, to the bigger, noisier, more carefully organized blowing of chamber groups.

For that addition, and the interest thus stimulated in the clarinet, we must all be thankful.

For some of Jimmy's executions of his ideas, I'm not so sure what the attitude should be. If he could, or would, only join tone to range, I for one would be everlastingly grateful. Myself, I prefer to hear something like the lovely sound of a Noone or the forthright precision of a LaPorta or even, I must confess, the something less than pear-shaped tones of a Pee Wee Russell.

No, that's not quite right. What I really want to hear on the clarinet today is not the sound of Noone or John or Pee Wee or anybody else—at least not if it is to be defined as the only sound, the proper sound, the sound to which all good clarinetists must aspire. What I should like to hear, really, is Lester Young's clarinet—sound, ideas, everything.

PERHAPS THE MOST considerable achievement of Young on clarinet, in just a few brief excursions on the instrument, was the freshness, the originality, the clear definition of an individual personality he accomplished.

In a time when almost everybody sounded like Benny—or at least tried to—he stepped out for himself, as his personality demanded. It is my suggestion here that a similar approach to the clarinet today, when nobody sounds like anybody else, would assure us of a large number of somebodies.

Range, forthrightness, tenderness in ballads—these and dozens of other virtues can and should be cultivated by clarinetists.

With the stirring examples of Giuffre and Scott and LaPorta before them, as well as the illustrious earlier history of the horn, all those who play this instrument should find abundant inspiration. But won't one or two of them please listen to Lester and see and hear the greater logic and beauty there.

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Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 8)

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: Shelly Manne and men are at the Blue Note, in a rare, but welcome, appearance. Sharing the stand with Manne's group is the Modern Jazz quintet, a local group formerly known as the Jazz Conversationalists. Kai Winding and fellow trombonists open at the Note on Sept. 18 for two weeks with the George Shearing quintet set to follow on Oct. 2 ... One of the more pleasant aspects of jazz history will be recreated and embellished when the Jimmy McPartland-Bud Freeman quintet opens at the Preview lounge on Sept. 11 for three weeks ... The Cannonball Adderley quintet currently is at the upstairs Modern Jazz Room. The Jimmy Giuffre 3 is a possible followup ... The Andre Previn trio is at the London House, with Cal Tjader's quartet set to succeed Previn's group on Oct. 2 for four weeks. Eddie Higgins' trio continues on Monday and Tuesday at the London House and Wednesday and Thursday at the Cloister inn. Ramsey Lewis' trio is the regular Friday through Tuesday attraction at the Cloister ... Woody Herman and Herd appeared at a Joe Segal-sponsored Casino Moderne ballroom session recently.

Jeri Southern and Cindy and Lindy open at Mister Kelly's on Sept. 10 for four weeks. Jackie and Roy, currently winding up their Kelly's stint, will return to the Thunderbird lounge in Las Vegas, Nev., for an indefinite stay, the result of a major triumph the duo scored during a recent one-week Thunderbird booking ... Jack Teagarden and followers continue at the Brass Rail ... Carmen McRae is at Robert's for two weeks, with Ruth Brown to follow on Sept. 18. Gene Krupa will lead a group into the south side club for a pair of weeks, beginning Oct. 2 ... The Gene Esposito trio, with singers Frank D'Rone and Lee Loving, are at the SRO Wednesday through Sunday. Johnnie Pate's fine trio and vocalist Corky Shayne take over on Monday and Tuesday ... Pianist Eddie Baker is working as a single on Monday and Tuesday at Easy Street. Also, he's teaching jazz piano at the Rizzo School of Music ... Bert Dale replaced Dom Jaconetty on drums with Joe Burton's trio, before that group left town for a Canadian booking.

ADDED NOTES: Pearl Bailey opens at the Chez Paree on Sept. 10 for two weeks ... Frances Faye opens at the Black Orchid the same night for a six-week stay, the last two weeks shared with singer Johnny Mathis ... Singer JoAnn Miller is heading the bill at the Empire room of the Palmer House during September. Dorothy Shay returns to that room Oct. 3 for four weeks.

Hollywood

JAZZ NOTES: Pacific Jazz execs are flipping over a new Seattle quartet just signed. Called Master Sounds, it has the same instrumentation as the MJQ, is the first new talent to be exclusively pacted by PJ in almost two years ... The Claude Williamson trio will hit the road in mid-month, with bassist Wilfred Middlebrooks and drummer Billy Higgins backstopping Claude's piano ...

WEATHER

Buddy Rich
Shelly Manne
Louie Bellson
Mel Lewis
Lloyd Morales
Bill Gladstone
Jack Sperling
Frank Hudec
Jerry Friedman
Ray Toland
Chico Hamilton
Irv Cottler
Bill Douglas
Nick Fatool
Bob Yeager
Bill Wilson
Jackie Mills
Sal La Pertch

KING

Roy Harte
Art Blakey
Larry Bunker
Bill Richmond
Sammy Weiss
Myron Collins
Milt Holland
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Clarinetist Pud Brown replaced Joe Darensbourg in the Teddy Buckner 400 club band. Darensbourg took over the Johnny Lucas outfit. Chester Lane is Buckner's new pianist, replacing Harvey Brooks . . . Walter (Benny) Benson, former Bob Crosby/Harry James/T.D./M-G-M trombonist, now a San Fernando Valley realtor employing four other musicians in his business is heading the 1957 Community Chest campaign in the Northridge area.

NITERY NOTES: Zardi's folded. Whaddya gonna do? . . . Pete Vescio brought back Chet Baker into the Peacock Lane for two weeks. Nothing set at presstime to follow him, but Billie Holiday is due in this month, with Carmen McRae to follow in November . . . The Hi-Lo's come into the Interlude the 20th, making a double bill with the Chamber Jazz sextet . . . Eddie Grady, former drummer-leader of the Commanders, took a quintet into South Gate's Blue Note with John Bambridge, reeds; Sy Johnson, piano; Dennie Budimir, guitar, and Ward Irwin, bass . . . That bar across the street from the Balboa Rendezvous ballroom where Joe Albany currently is blowing is called Paul's Taproom.

Morty Jacobs' trio left the Villa Frascati after " . . . successfully introducing jazz in the spot." Look for a definite jazz policy there with name small groups booked. Piano man Jacobs has formed a quartet to play the Monica (formerly the Chase) hotel in Santa Monica, with Howard Heitmeyer, guitar; Steve LaFever, bass, and Ronnie Boyd, drums . . . Drummer Dennis LaPron is blowing jazz oboe three nights a week at the Digger on the eastside. Benny Aronoff is on piano there, and Bob Berteaux on bass.

ADDED NOTES: U.S.M.C.'s Magic of Music radio show on the Mutual net Saturday nights is programming some of the top jazz names as guests. Dave Brubeck, Chico Hamilton, Frank Constock, and the Hi-Lo's are a few who have already been on . . . Up-and-coming young bongoist, Sam Sloneker, is heavily featured on Buddy Bregman's new Verve single, *The Delinquent* . . . Sleepy Stein's new FM all-jazz station began operation Aug. 19 with programming 12 hours a day on a frequency of 103.1 megs, will expand to 18 hours in a month or so . . . Jack Melick has the intermission trio at the Palladium.

TAILGATE: One of the tunes in the Platters' new Mercury album is the oldie, *Oh, Promise Me*. Credited as composer is Buck Ram, the group's manager.

Combo Arrangement

Beginning on the next page is the fourth in a series of arrangements designed to be played by rhythm section and any combination of Bb and Eb instruments, including the trombone. The rhythm section must include drums and bass; either piano or guitar or both may be used in addition. Best results will be obtained from these pieces if dynamics and markings are carefully observed and if a serious attempt is made to blend the wind instruments.

Down Beat

B Flat Inst. 'Beanblossom' By Sandy Mosse; Arr. Bill Russo

[illegible]

Trombone 'Beanblossom' By Sandy Mosse; Arr. Bill Russo

Handwritten musical score for Trombone. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of two main sections, A and B, with a final section for solos.

Section A: Starts with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Section B: Starts with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Solos: A section for solos, marked "SOLO BEAK". It includes a key signature change to two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature change to 3/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Final Section: A section for the final ending, marked "D.C. al fine (with repetition)". It includes a key signature change to two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature change to 3/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Piano 'Beanblossom' By Sandy Mosse; Arr. Bill Russo

Handwritten musical score for Piano. The score is in 4/4 time and consists of two main sections, A and B, with a final section for solos.

Section A: Starts with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Section B: Starts with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Solos: A section for solos, marked "SOLOS". It includes a key signature change to two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature change to 3/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Final Section: A section for the final ending, marked "D.C. al fine (with repetition)". It includes a key signature change to two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature change to 3/4. The melody is written on a single staff. Chords are indicated below the staff: Bbm7, C7(b9), Fm7, Ebm7, F7(b9). The section ends with a double bar line.

Up Beat Section

D.C. al fine (with repetition)

Bass-Guitar 'Beanblossom' By Sandy Mosse; Arr. Bill Russo
Drums 'Beanblossom' By Sandy Mosse; Arr. Bill Russo

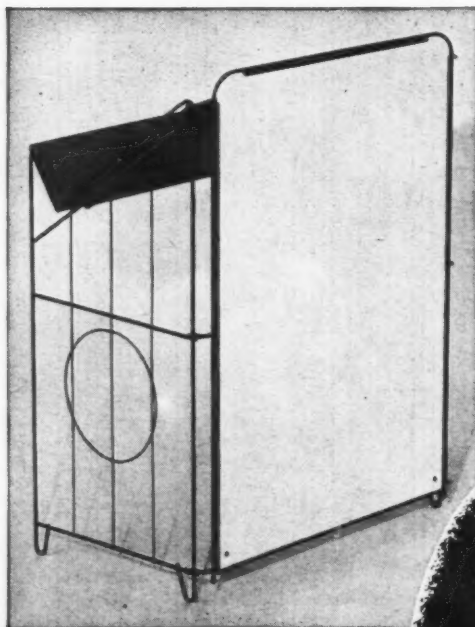
Handwritten musical score for "The Bells" by J. Williams. The score is written on ten staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody, starting with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is the bass clef accompaniment, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The third staff is a solo for the snare drum, marked "SOLOS" and "USE CHOICES OF A B A - WITHOUT TAG". The fourth staff is a solo for the bass drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The fifth staff is a solo for the snare drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The sixth staff is a solo for the bass drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The seventh staff is a solo for the snare drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The eighth staff is a solo for the bass drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The ninth staff is a solo for the snare drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The tenth staff is a solo for the bass drum, marked "SOLOS" and "3-2 BAR CHORUSES". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines, as well as performance instructions like "BRUSHES ON SNARE" and "NO B.D."

D.C. all line (with repetition)

D.C. all fine (with repetitions)

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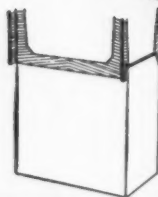
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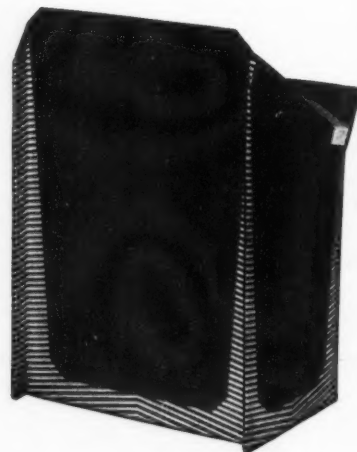
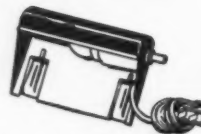


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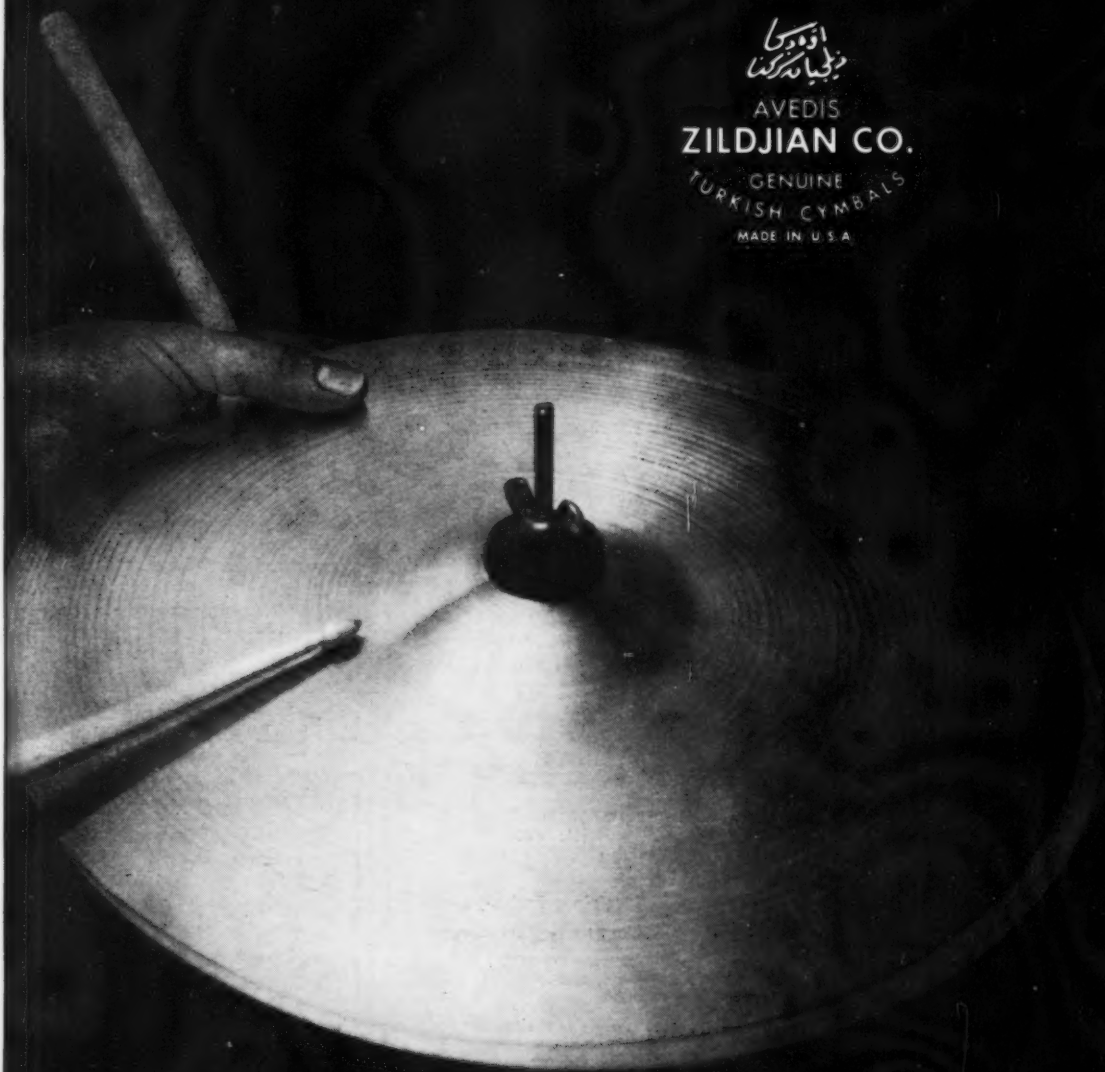
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